

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—Following the dispute in the Republican party between the conservative and progressive wings, in which Senator Norris was the object of an attempt to read him out of the party, Prof. John Dewey, chairman of the League for Independent Political Action, asked the Senator to head a third-party movement. Mr. Norris promptly refused, and expressed his desire to remain in his party and reform it from within. It was pointed out that a new party would have to include the Western farmers who are as capitalistic as the Eastern industrialists who control the Republican party, and that Prohibition would ruin the movement anyway.

When the Congress re-convened after the Christmas holidays, it was faced with the prospect of a bitter fight on the subject of progressive legislation, including inter-State bus regulation, power-control legislation, the move for Government operation of the Muscle Shoals dam, and unemployment insurance. A strong group in both parties, under the nominal leadership of Senators La Follette, Norris and Borah, was pushing hard for action on these subjects at this session, and failing that, in an

extra session, which was opposed by President Hoover, supported by a vigorous newspaper campaign, in which Congress was vilified and ridiculed in every way.

The Treasury Department issued the list of tax refunds for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930, and it was released for publication on December 28 by the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. The total of refunds, including interest, was \$164,808,044.97.

The largest sum repaid was that to the U. S. Steel Corporation, \$15,205,343.04. More than twelve other corporations benefited by more than \$1,000,000 each. It was expected that the publication of these figures would revive the criticism led by Senator Couzens of the Treasury's policy in this matter; Democrats also claimed that the beneficiaries were largely contributors to the Republican campaign fund. At the same time it was calculated that the number of the individuals whose net income in 1928 was in excess of \$1,000,000, was 511, an increase of 221 over 1927; twenty-six persons paid taxes on a net income of over \$5,000,000. New York State paid 19.17 per cent of the returns from the whole country; Illinois was second with 9.18 per cent, and Pennsylvania third with 8.87 per cent. At the same time, 268,783 corporations paid taxes totaling \$1,184,142,142, while 4,070,852 persons paid taxes totaling \$1,164,254,037.

On December 30, the long-expected merger of the Eastern railroads into four great trunk lines was announced by President Hoover, under whose urging the former negotiations to this end were resumed some weeks before. The

Mergers Pennsylvania Railroad group joins with the Wabash; the New York Central group with the Lackawanna; the Baltimore and Ohio with the Central of New Jersey, the Reading, and the Chicago and Alton; and the Van Sweringen group links the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Nickel Plate, the Erie and the Lehigh Valley. The proposed fifth trunk line, under Leonor Loree, was apparently finally defeated. On the preceding day, another merger, that of the Bethlehem Steel Co. with the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co., was permanently enjoined by a local court in Youngstown. Thus the minority shareholders, under the leadership of Cyrus S. Eaton, won a long legal struggle. Judge Jenkins, who gave the decision, was extraordinarily severe in his characterization of the events leading up to the vote of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company's directors in favor of the merger.

On December 30, the Government filed with the Supreme Court its brief on its appeal to reverse the ruling

of Judge Clark that the Eighteenth Amendment never legally became part of the Constitution. The grounds of the appeal were that Article V of the Constitution is unambiguous in its allowing Congress the option of deciding on State legislatures or a convention as the instrument of adoption of an Amendment, and that Amendment X does not modify this grant.

Argentina.—A series of earthquakes beginning on December 24, in the province of Salta and the territory of Los Andes, did much damage and took a toll of life unofficially estimated at fifty. Very many families were rendered homeless in the mountain village of La Poma and their plight was rendered worse by a heavy downpour of rain that accompanied the quakes. Relief expeditions were immediately provided to take care of the injured and the destitute.—Interest in Buenos Aires centered on the visit of Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League of Nations, who spent a few days in the capital immediately after Christmas. Occasion was taken from his presence by Hungarian residents to denounce the Trianon treaty, because of which more than 100,000 Hungarians had migrated to South America. In a conference between Sir Eric and the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs it was understood that one of the important topics discussed was the status of Argentina's membership in the League. It will be recalled that in the first Irogoyen Administration Argentina joined the League, but Congress never ratified this action. Later the Argentine delegates withdrew because the Council refused to admit former enemy Powers on the same footing as the Allies. However, no formal resignation from the League was ever submitted. In President Alvear's administration Congress appropriated money for back salaries for delegates, but continually refused the President's request for a formal pronouncement regarding membership. When President Irigoyen was elected for a second term League membership dues were removed from the annual budget. Consequently Argentina is, according to its own law, not a member of the League, though according to the League statutes it is and owes several years' dues.

China.—Interest centered at the beginning of the year on the new high-tariff schedules. The Governor of Manchuria asked for a three to six months' postponement of the abolition of the likin (local duties) in his provinces. However, Nanking officials seemed determined that the new tariff should be put into effect. It will be remembered that five years ago at a Peking conference World Powers agreed to tariff autonomy for China contingent on the abolition of the likin. Subsequently the Nanking Government set January 1, 1930, as the date for its abolition but without results. Later October 10 was scheduled to mark the beginning of the new tariff rates, but the order was voided because of the continuance of the civil war. If the Government's plan eventuates it is

expected that the tariff will yield nearly \$20,000,000 gold above the total of the present tariff. It will probably be used to form a sinking fund for a bond issue designed to finance disbandment of the huge national armies.—Delayed dispatches from Lanchow stated that during the past two months 30,000 Chinese in Northwestern Kansu had been massacred by roving armies of Mohammedans. The Nanking Government immediately ordered a military expedition to rout the Moslem. The revolt was interpreted merely as a renewal of the age-old racial and religious conflict between the Mohammedans and their Chinese overlords.

Cuba.—The Christmas holidays were far from peaceful for the Government. Rumors of a proposed revolutionary movement in which it was charged that former President Menocal was involved brought about several arrests of alleged leaders. It was announced that the National University and all normal schools and high schools would continue indefinitely to be closed. Five professors of the University were indicted on December 29 on charges of sedition and conspiracy. Anticipating trouble on New Year's eve, the Secretary of the Interior issued a prohibition against all public celebrations.

Czechoslovakia.—The second census of the population of Czechoslovakia, which took place on December 1, 1930, showed some losses to the Catholic Church. Though a little more than eighty per cent of the population of Czechoslovakia were reckoned as Catholics, of the 28,300 elementary teachers of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia only 15,161 or 53.7 per cent were Catholics, the others being, with a few exceptions of Jewish or Orthodox affiliation, either Protestants of different denominations (5,483) or belonging to "no denomination," i. e., atheism (7,891 or 27.88 per cent).—Plans were being formed for an elaborate celebration in May, 1931, of the fortieth anniversary of the Labor Encyclical, "Rerum Novarum."

Germany.—Dr. Felix Porsch, senior leader of the Center Party and Papal Chamberlain, died at Breslau at the age of seventy-nine years. Dr. Porsch was associated for more than half a century with all things Catholic in Germany. He began his public life as a member of a Catholic students' corporation. He studied law and devoted his talents and learning to the Catholic cause. He was the outspoken champion of the expelled Religious Orders, declaring that it was intolerable to think of a modern state, proclaiming liberty in thought and faith, yet expelling Catholic priests and nuns. From 1881 until 1893 Dr. Porsch was a member of the Reichstag and since 1884 he has been a member of the Prussian Landtag. For twenty years he was president of the Center faction of the latter, and for many years he was vice-president of the Landtag. He is mourned in Germany as a crusader for God and country.

Prohibition Appeal

Earthquakes

Government Troubles

Second Census

New Tariff

Dr. Porsch Dies

Greece.—On December 27 Premier Venizelos left Athens on a visit to Warsaw, Vienna and Rome. So far as his trip to Poland's capital was concerned, the announced purpose was to exchange cordialities; but there were rumors that it was also connected with an important commercial transaction, and that the Polish tobacco monopoly intended to buy large quantities of Greek tobacco, French banks to finance the affair. At Vienna ratifications would be exchanged of the recent Greco-Austrian treaty of amity and arbitration. En route to Warsaw the Premier stopped at Belgrade and had an audience with King Alexander and Foreign Minister Marinkovitch.

Guatemala.—Provisional President Manuel Orellana, the Liberal leader who ousted the Conservative Government on December 16 by a *coup d'état* and took over the administration of the State, received notification on December 30 that the United States, in pursuance of its policy of being guided by the Central American treaty of 1923 which binds the five Central American Republics not to extend recognition to any Government in their region which comes into power by a revolution or a *coup d'état*, would not recognize his Government. In consequence on December 31 both General Orellana and President Chacon himself, whose incapacity from a paralytic stroke created the crisis, resigned, and Sr. Jose Maria Reyna Andrade, a Liberal member of Congress, was nominated Provisional President in Orellana's place. This move led to the hope that matters were taking a constitutional course, that special Presidential elections would be called and that the United States would recognize Andrade.

Ireland.—Among the more important legislative measures recently introduced in the Dail were the fisheries bill and the betting bill. Since so many schemes for the betterment of the fishing industry failed in recent years, there was not much optimism in regard to the new efforts. It was proposed to vest all the boats and gear in a new fishing corporation which would ultimately have the same control of the marketing of fish as the Creameries Association has for dairy products. All agencies for the sale of fish were to be licensed annually by the Ministry of Fisheries; and everyone having business with the catching or distributing of fish was to be subject to inspection by officials of the Ministry. It was claimed that Scottish and European mainland fishermen have practically monopolized the industry. The betting bills would be an amendment seeking to remove the evils that resulted from the legalization of betting. According to our correspondent: "The betting shops are now a very prominent feature in all our towns; even the smallest towns have their betting shops, and the outlying villages are served by agents of the licensed bookmakers." In the new bills, it will be an offense to permit crowds to assemble in the vicinity of one of these shops or to pay winnings on the day on

which a bet is made; persons under the age of eighteen are to be forbidden to enter the shops under penalty payable by the licensed bookmaker. The correspondent adds: "Drinking has decreased considerably; drunkenness is now almost unknown; but the betting craze has taken its place as a stimulant."

"An amazing situation," according to the Dublin *Standard*, "has arisen in County Mayo, owing to the insistence of the Local Government Department on the appointment of a Protestant lady, Miss Letitia Dunbar, as County Librarian." The Dunbar case, as it is coming to be known, has been distorted and misrepresented in Anglo-Irish and foreign papers. The Local Government Department ordered the appointment of Miss Dunbar as librarian. The Library Committee of the Mayo County Council rejected the appointment since Miss Dunbar, being a Protestant and a graduate of Trinity College, did not possess the proper qualifications to act as librarian in a region ninety-nine per cent Catholic. The Mayo County Council unanimously approved the action of the Library Committee. The Fianna Fail members of the Council voted against Miss Dunbar, but made it clear that they did so because she lacked adequate knowledge of Gaelic and not because of any religious aspect. The Local Government Department was said to have begun proceedings to force the appointment of Miss Dunbar by ordering the suspension of the Mayo County Council.

Italy.—In a trans-Atlantic radio address on January 1, Premier Mussolini expressed in English his friendship and admiration for the United States, and spoke at some length on the attacks on Fascism, being at pains to deny the "sword-rattling" interpretation of his speeches of last year, and the report of too great friendliness for the Soviet Government. He professed the sincerest desire for world peace, and his hope for the early return of worldwide prosperity.

Rumania.—On December 22 Vintila Bratianu, former Premier and for a long time, in conjunction with other members of his family, a powerful figure in the politics of the nation, died of a stroke of apoplexy. It will be recalled that his father, Jon, brought its first King to Rumania and that since then the family's control both of the national banks and of the Liberal party put the destiny of the country mainly in their hands until recently when the rise of the Peasant party and later King Carol's return caused their eclipse.

Russia.—Joseph Stalin, the Soviet dictator, became on December 25 a member of the Council on Labor and Defense. This was the first office that he had held under the Soviet Government since 1923. The office of president of the reorganized Council of Labor and Defense was taken by Viacheslav Molotov of the Political Bureau, likewise president of the Council of Commissars. The

Venizelos
Makes Amity
Visits

United States
Refuses
Recognition

Fisheries and
Betting
Bills

The
Dunbar
Case

Mussolini
Speaks to
United States

Death of
Vintila
Bratianu

Office
Taken by
Stalin

new organization was regarded as a concentration of power for the strenuous days to come. The creation of the new Committee of Fulfilment was announced on December 25, as another step towards the centralization of power.

All signs of Christmas were absent from Moscow on December 25. The anti-religious manifestations were said to have been confined to clubs, schoolrooms and assembly halls. The complete closing of all churches throughout the Soviet Union was prophesied by 1934.—The progress of the Five Year industrialization program during the last three months of 1930 was reported as fairly successful, with the exception of the production of coal and pig iron, and still unsatisfactory conditions in transportation. The distribution of food and commodities was reorganized, by much more stringent measures restricting sales to privileged classes of workers.—Articles in the Parisian press drew attention to the grave threat of Soviet dumping.

Spain.—Conditions after the revolt in the middle of December quickly returned to comparative quiet. A number of battalions of the Foreign Legion, which had been brought from Morocco during the period of uneasiness, were returned to their posts during the Christmas holidays. The Premier hoped to lift the martial-law regulations entirely within a few days. Republican propaganda took a new turn in stressing the contention that the institution of the dictatorship in 1923 had not merely suspended the Constitution, but had abrogated it. On this basis they protested the proposed Parliamentary elections, intimating further that they could not have confidence in elections held under the present regime.—Major Franco, who fled to Portugal after breaking his parole and taking a leading part in the Madrid airport fiasco, landed in Antwerp on December 30. The Belgian authorities warned him against carrying on political intrigues while he remained in the country.

Turkey.—A religious revolt in the Menemen area of Smyrna province during the last week of 1930 occasioned the proclamation of martial law and the passing by Parliament of a number of drastic measures to deal with the situation. Wholesale arrests were made, and in skirmishes between the Kurds and the Turks near the Persian frontier a number of lives were lost. While the Government at Istanbul did not minimize the situation it was officially announced that it had the revolt in hand. On December 26 several important Cabinet changes were announced. Meanwhile negotiations continued between the Turkish Government and the Ottoman Debt Council in Paris, but both sides maintained a stubborn attitude. The former was hoping to make a separate arrangement with British, German and Italian bond holders, thus isolating the French. Turkey stated it was unable to pay the annuities promised to the Debt Council, while the latter refused to countenance any reduction.

Vatican City.—On December 24, the Holy Father received the Christmas greetings of the Cardinals resident in Rome. In his reply, the Pope voiced his desire for the fulfilment of the Divine Will as expressed in the Angels' words at Bethlehem: "Peace on earth." He applied

Pontiff's
Christmas
Address

the words not only to the problem of world peace, but also to the abatement of strife between classes and groups, and pointed the way to its achievement through the application of Christian charity and justice in all human relations. Referring to world peace, the Pontiff remarked the universal demand for its attainment, and warned against the dangers that lay on either side, in a confused and sentimental pacifism and in an exaggerated and selfish nationalism. Here, as well as in class strife, hope must be founded on mutual charity and forbearance and an equitable distribution of rights and burdens. He again protested against the proselyting activity of certain Protestant groups in Italy and even in the Holy City, as exceeding the grant of religious freedom made under the Concordat. Finally the Pontiff announced that he was preparing for early publication an Encyclical on Christian marriage.—On December 30, the Pope addressed to Cardinal Sincero, Secretary of the Congregation for the Oriental Church, of which His Holiness is Prefect, a letter directing that plans be made for the commemoration during 1931 of the fifteenth centenary of the Council of Ephesus, held in 431 A.D.

League of Nations.—The agenda of the Council, to begin its sessions January 10, were published on December 25. There was no indication that the British White Paper on Palestine, which aroused world-wide Jewish protests, would be discussed at this meeting. Slavery in Liberia, however, would be taken up by the Council. The report would be considered that was prepared by the international commission of inquiry at the request of Liberia, to investigate charges that slavery or forced labor persisted in that country. The American appointee on the commission was Dr. Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University, a Negro.—At the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Union for International Studies, celebrated at Paris on December 15, there was received, according to the N.C.W.C. News Service, thanks and public congratulations from the secretariat general of the League for the valuable assistance the Union had rendered the League.

Next week, John LaFarge will take stock of Bolshevism at the dawn of 1931, and find a striking contrast in its resemblance to Christianity.

Leonard Feeney was a guest at a dinner party in England. He will tell what happened to him in "Evangeline."

The scientists are making people think about our universe. Next week, Francis P. LeBuffe will study the fact in "Sir James Jeans and God."

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Federal Loans

IN a thoughtful letter to the *New York Times*, F. R. Kellogg discusses the right of Congress to make appropriations. In view of a number of measures now pending in Congress, the objection which Mr. Kellogg moves is most timely.

Well known to students of the Constitution, Mr. Kellogg's conclusions are hidden from the public at large, and from many of that public's representatives in both houses of Congress. Senator Davis, of Pennsylvania, as we observed last week, thinks that since every baby is the better for intelligent care, that care should be provided by Congress, and in this most touching plea he was joined by Senator Copeland, of New York. Each of these legislators argued on the theory that Congress should be tireless in good works, excluding nothing that promised to be of benefit to any citizen anywhere. Into the mind of neither, no suspicion had crept of the fact that the good which Congress is authorized to spread abroad is strictly limited by the Constitution.

The general principle is well settled, as Mr. Kellogg points out, that Federal taxes cannot be levied for other than public and Federal purposes. In spite of this admitted fact, Congress has at various times appropriated monies raised by general taxation, to be used for purposes that are purely charitable, such as relief in times of disaster, or for loans, certainly never contemplated by the Constitution, to private groups or particular classes. In every case, what was sought to be done was good; the objection is that the Constitution in no manner authorized Congress to seek the attainment of the end which, by admission, was good in itself.

Loans or gifts to needy individuals, enabling them to purchase the necessities of life, are praiseworthy. But it does not follow that Congress is authorized to make them. Were that principle admitted, nothing would be

left of the Constitution, since government would then be rule without limitation by a majority in Congress.

The growth of favor for these Federal doles and loans does not augur well for the maintenance in its integrity of the doctrine of constitutional limitations.

More than forty years ago, Congress enacted a bill appropriating money for the relief of certain drought-stricken counties in Texas. President Cleveland, in his message of February 16, 1887, vetoed this charity bill, on the ground that the Constitution did not authorize the Federal Government to extend its powers "to the relief of individual suffering which is in no manner properly related to public service or benefit."

A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should be constantly enforced that *though the people support the Government, the Government should not support the people*. Federal aid in such cases encourages the expectation of paternal care on the part of the Government and weakens the sturdiness of our national character. (Richardson's "Messages," p. 5,142.)

Since in times of public distress, bills of this nature are most plausibly presented, the duty of strenuously opposing them may be unpleasant, but is imperatively necessary. There is no permanent cure for any social or political evil in a measure which cannot be applied except through an abuse of power, or by usurpation of a right not conferred by the Constitution. Had the respective States and, in particular, Congress, applied themselves during the last twenty-five years to the work which is properly theirs, much of the distress that now brings the country low could have been averted.

The Gate Receipts

THE President of Columbia University finds it necessary to discuss football in his annual report. Dr. Butler suspects that there is something sadly wrong with the game. The wrong can be righted, he thinks, by abolishing the gate receipts.

That veteran sporting editor, Joe Williams, protests vigorously. When the rule of "Everybody welcome, everything free" is adopted, where can the money, which now supports basketball, baseball, and other collegiate activities, be obtained?

It is a fairly common opinion among sporting editors that college football is frankly commercial. It must be commercial, or cease to exist, for the public will not pay to see a loser. Dr. Butler, too, asserts that college contests are commercial enterprises today, while Mr. Williams agrees, with the qualification that they are not yet sufficiently commercial. Dr. Butler holds, with Dr. Kelley, of Loyola, Chicago, that it is not the proper business of the college to provide the general public with outdoor amusements. Dr. Kelley abolished the business by abolishing intercollegiate football. What Dr. Butler would do by indirection, Dr. Kelley actually did by one bold and courageous stroke.

In any case, it is now generally admitted that modern football must be a business, not a game, if it is to be successful. College presidents differ from the sporting edi-

tors as to the propriety of the college undertaking a commercial enterprise of this kind. But will they act?

Religion and Good Government

MANY years ago, a far-sighted capitalist lifted his money from under the second brick on the hearth to invest it in nascent public utilities. In time he was cited by the legislature of his State, and the first of many futile attempts to curb capital rampant was inaugurated. In the course of his examination, an investigator asked him if a certain action did not offend his conscience. He replied that it did not; and as the import of the question dawned upon him, added in genuine surprise, "What has conscience got to do with business?"

No longer lord in the commercial world, today conscience is rarely the guide of our most successful politicians. For six years, investigations, Federal and State, have furnished the press with lurid headlines, but have effected no reformation. In public life, as in business, the possession of a well-gear'd conscience is a heavy handicap and a dangerous liability. Whoever wishes to scale the peaks from which descent into the delectable land of preference and privilege is easy, will do well to hide his conscience under a bushel, or smother it under a pint pot. In most cases the pint will fit loosely.

The prospect makes one wonder whether in this conscienceless day decent government is possible. We long since ceased to hope for enlightened government, and about the best to be hoped for is a government in which the forty thieves retire from the center of the stage to direct the tragedy from the wings. Yet this should not surprise us. Ours is the fate which necessarily overtakes every nation whose citizens think that they and the State can be both highly indifferent to religious belief, and highly moral in the conduct of their life and affairs.

The remarks of Senator Nye, chairman of the committee now investigating the use of political funds in Federal elections, are, we fear, only too true. Senator Nye stated that in the course of the committee's life, he had met many men whose reputation in their communities for truthfulness and honor could not possibly be questioned. "But when it comes to politics," said the Senator, "it would seem that even the finest type of people feel that it is part of their political religion to lie, and to conceal, and to cover up. That is one of the outstanding things I have observed during our studies."

Our moral standards, it must be admitted, are low. The man who begins with a conscience to be brushed off for use on Sunday only, too often ends with the conviction that the best place for a conscience is the dust bin. That is why every large city in the country periodically investigates its police force, and uncovers evidence of bribery, oppression, plain theft, and the grossest injustice; after which it sends two or three criminals to jail, and then settles back to allow the old frightful conditions to reassert themselves. That, too, is why corruption stains the judicial ermine, degrades the local legislatures, justifies the expenditure of huge sums by candidates for public office, State and Federal, and even

creeps into the Cabinet to facilitate the secret sale, for a pittance, of sources of wealth which belong to the people.

The chief aim of government is to protect the rights of all, we are told, and to aid the citizen by appropriate means to arrive at the most perfect development of which he is capable. Assuming that principle to be true, it would appear that in this country government is failing to function. Public office is not so much a public trust, as an opportunity for financial or professional advancement, and public service is little more than a phrase.

It was an old truth, yet ever new, and ever powerful to guide and to sustain, that Franklin uttered in the troubled days when the Fathers met in Philadelphia to draw up a plan of government for the liberated colonies.

In the beginning of the contest with G. Britain, when we were sensible of danger we had daily prayer in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, & they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending providence in our favor. To that kind providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend? or do we imagine that we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that *God governs in the affairs of men*. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the House they labour in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his conquering aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the Builders of Babel.

The simple truth, as Washington observed in his Farewell Address, is that without religion among the people, there is no lasting morality in the community, and no good government. In the designs of Washington, the school was to be an ordinary agent for the propaganda of religious teaching, and for the training of the young in a morality based upon definite religious conviction. Until we bring religion back to its essential place in the school, we cannot hope for good government, but must bear with such tolerance as may be possible, government headed by dolts and controlled by the powers of darkness. From that sort of government, we Americans are not far removed today.

Municipal Housing Projects

CITING an editorial appearing in these pages, a correspondent writes to point out that the plan of municipally built homes, for families of moderate means, has been under discussion for some years in New York. That is quite true. Some months ago, a somewhat elaborate plan was published by the authorities, but up to the present, nothing has been done. In the opinion of Paul Blanshard, the scheme was hastily planned, and is of doubtful utility.

We quite agree with Mr. Blanshard that any plan which calls for apartments to rent at \$20 per room will not do much to relieve a condition which is daily becoming more serious. That plan would suit the fairly well-to-do classes very well, but would be wholly beyond the

means of the average wage earner. What is desired, in New York, at least, and doubtless in many other large cities, is a scheme which will permit rentals of \$7.50. "Almost all new housing construction in New York in recent years," reports Mr. Blanshard, "has been for the income groups above the low wage-earning level."

Private capital has shown little inclination to build houses for the low-wage group. It would seem, therefore, since these workers must live somewhere, that we are facing a crisis which can be passed only when the cities build and rent houses. There can be no doubt of the right and duty of a municipality to undertake the house-renting business, should no other means of providing houses be at hand. Yet no one who realizes the laxity, the inefficiency, and the corruption, so often found in city governments, can contemplate that plan without qualms. Between a private owner whose model is Shylock, and a municipal owner, a cross between Dogberry and Captain Kidd, there is not much to choose.

We still hope that private capital may attack the problem, despite the fact that after his initial venture, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., seems indisposed to new investments. Canny business instincts plus a sense of humanity would make an excellent combination. May this combination soon be found!

The Pope's Plea for Peace

MOST opportune was the Allocution delivered on Christmas Eve by the Holy Father to the Cardinals resident in Rome. "Our wish to you, venerable brothers and most loved sons," said the Pontiff, "is inspired in Our heart and placed upon Our lips by the solemn feast we are preparing to celebrate: Peace on earth."

But it is no factitious peace which the Holy Father would establish among men. Peace must be the result of justice, said the Pontiff, and it must take due account of charity. Where this internal peace does not rule the hearts of all men, there can be no real external peace. What, therefore, the Holy Father prayed for all nations was "not a sentimental, confused, unwise pacifism," but "that true peace which comes from God."

But the Holy Father did not confine his discourse to the subject of peace among nations. Looking out over the world, he beheld thousands of his children oppressed by sore need, and in words that seem almost directed to this country, he asked that all men take the necessary steps to relieve them. Among citizens and social classes "affected by an unequal distribution of privileges and burdens, of rights and duties, of capital and command of work, of participation in their fruits," there was much unrest. No real peace could be obtained in this social and economic field, except through justice and charity.

In this pronouncement the Holy Father is merely stating the mind of the Catholic Church, expressed so luminously nearly forty years ago by Leo XIII in his immortal Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes. "Friendly collaboration" between the holders of wealth and those who have little, between the owner

and the worker, the employee and the employer, is the remedy which Pius XI would apply to the unsettled conditions existing here and abroad. We in this country should be able fully to appreciate the value of the Pontiff's recommendation. In spite of some gains by labor, and in spite of well-meaning men on both sides, labor and capital have been ranged in hostile camps for many years. Periodically, savage war breaks out, to be followed by a peace which is false and deluding. Rarely has this peace been based upon solid principles of justice and charity; usually it follows a complete rout in which labor yields to harsh terms, since no other terms can be obtained. As a result, we have the conditions, deplored by the Holy Father, marked most unmistakably by "an unequal distribution of privileges and burdens . . . of capital and command of work." Surely we should long since have arrived at the conviction that no peace can be lasting, when the terms are dictated by angry and rapacious capital to rebellious, outraged labor.

In every dispute, the rights of all must be religiously respected, as Leo teaches. When the freely chosen representatives of capital and labor can meet in "friendly collaboration," to discuss grievances, and to apply remedial measures, based upon principles of charity as well as of justice, the era of social and industrial peace has begun. But until that happy time comes, men who should live as brethren will, most unhappily, turn away from the eternal principles to engage in bitter, savage conflicts, tending to wreck the welfare of the community, and of all participants in the warfare. In this, the fortieth year of Leo's Encyclical, well may we pray that the world may turn to it, and in its teachings of justice and charity find the path to peace, social, industrial, and international.

Social Notes

IN the Virginia mill district, 1,400 soldiers are massed to lend their aid to the solution of an industrial dispute, involving 4,500 strikers. The evictions from the mill-owned houses, ordered by the courts, are going on to the satisfaction of the owners. What the evicted think, does not matter.

In Washington, only a few miles north of Danville, a multimillionaire gives his young daughter a "coming-out party." Money that would have supplied a few of life's barest necessities to thousands of Christ's suffering poor, is poured out for hotel apartments, caterers, musicians, and entertainers. Wealth amuses itself at a time of universal public distress.

"It was the most brilliant function in years," the press reports. It was also the most heartless, and the most vulgar.

In New York, Bellevue Hospital registers the largest number of patients since the influenza epidemic of 1918. "It was noted that many of the new patients were from lodging houses," reports the *New York World*, "and were suffering from malnutrition."

As the ambassadors make their courtliest bows, and the violins sing until morning in the gold ballroom, men are dying of starvation.

The New Anti-Catholic Tradition

JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

THAT greatest and most voluble of our pundits, Arthur Brisbane, is, no doubt, a very amiable and estimable gentleman. It is his rather arduous task of looking at the World, day by day, and commenting upon the strange involutions and evolutions of the Earth Dwellers. To do this and keep one's poise is a feat worthy of a Stalin, or the man who walked across Niagara Falls on a slack rope. But the famous editor does it and does it complacently. His spectacles are Pickwickian and when he is down in the dumps he has only to remember that mankind is improving—slowly, to be sure, and over millions and billions of years, but still improving. Where there is life there is hope.

But, and I confess it with shame, this great one irritates and vexes me. He knows so much and I know so little. It is jealousy, perhaps, but I am not infrequently exasperated by him and all his works. So, it was not long ago that I sat me down and wrote him a letter. It was *lèse majesté*, of course, but I have my excuses. The weather was very hot and he had quoted from Dr. Andrew D. White's volumes "On the History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" once too often. I made bold to call his attention to our own Dr. James J. Walsh and his answer to Dr. White in "The Popes and Science." Mr. Brisbane, or someone in his office, answered me in due time. He said that he knew of Dr. Walsh's good book. I was tempted to write back and inform him that I, myself, knew of Lao-tse and his book, Tao-te-king, but that what I knew of him and his book was not very much. However, I didn't, and the correspondence ended there. It had been of some purpose and I had no reason to regret it.

For it had served to focus attention upon a situation that I had long been familiar with but which in the topsy-turvy of a workaday world had been taken, more or less, for granted. I mean the constant, continued attack, sometimes bold, sometimes subtle, which is forever being made upon what we loosely call the Catholic position; the never-ceasing effort to undermine what is, also, loosely called the Catholic tradition. Brisbane offends frequently, but he is far from being alone.

Of course, I had always been aware of the other tradition, which had been called the Protestant tradition and which had come down to us from the great Revolt. But the new attack was something altogether different. The reformers had created a mass of misinformation and false interpretation, the purpose of which was to blacken the Old Church. Comte de Maistre had their effort in mind when he had said: "History for the last three centuries [1500-1800] has been a conspiracy against the truth." Even the editors of the Cambridge Modern History had admitted that "ultimate history cannot be obtained in this generation."

The old tradition had to do with trying to maintain the very insecure position that everything the Church

did was wrong and all her people were black; while all that was done by the Reformers was good and they, themselves, were lily white. Anyone who has ever read "Westward Ho!" will know at once what I mean. The oft-repeated myths that have produced the popular Anglo-American notion of a Spaniard; the false contention that would make for the superiority of the so-called Nordic; the idea that James I was a shifting and cunning fool—but nevertheless a fool—while King "Billy" was one of the outstanding figures of history, are part and parcel of this tradition. It had one virtue, if virtue it may be called, and that was that it was readily patent and, for the most part, as readily refuted.

But the every-day attack is different and distinct from the old conspiracy. It is not so much anti-Catholic as it is anti-Christian, and while it is sponsored by the men who are the inheritors of the old tradition, they have long since abandoned all claim to the use of the older conspiracy. It is, as I have tried to say, an effort against the Catholic philosophy of life, and its object must be the undermining of all faith. I can give no better idea of it than by quoting from a few magazines and newspapers, haphazardly, the result of no diligent search or studied effort to build up a case.

In the Sunday edition of my favorite paper I find this from a review of a list of books:

The art of "dying in good company" has shown a considerable falling off since the days of Socrates. Perhaps, the Christian influence is to blame. But certainly it seems better to drink the hemlock when surrounded by moved and philosophical friends than when surrounded by impersonal "angels and ministers of grace." In other words, the choice seems to lie between a civilized absence of fear and a crude anthropological poetry. Unafraid dying is an outcome of unafraid living.

On the same page of the same edition is the observation of a young rebel who is finding fault with the censoring of such plays as Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and the like.

Our censors [he writes] do not admit the evanescence of such shocks. [Shocks that come from the witnessing of indecencies.] The censors belong to another and vast school which argues that such digressions put a permanent scar on the individual. They would argue, no doubt, that as a result of sitting in on the *Folies Bergère* and its novelties, I am now given to debauchery. . . . It is not so. . . . As for debauchery, I am not quite certain what makes for debauchery and how far one should cater to one's personal whims without consulting a municipally paid high priest.

On the same subject, censorship, one of the better magazines publishes an article from which this is taken: "In Boston, at least, obscenity has a consistent meaning. 'Obscenity' is the same thing as 'creative ability'."

Turning to another paper, which came to hand after this task had been long started, I found Mr. Brisbane, himself, editorializing in this fashion: "Mother Nature, wisely selecting and mixing natives of all kinds, has been trying to build up a super-race for at least 40,000,000 years and her success thus far is not particularly bril-

liant." And this last, perhaps, explains what is the matter with our popular scribes.

In a New York paper of an earlier date I discovered C. Hartley Grattan paying his respects to Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton in this fashion:

The readers of this review hardly need to be told that Chesterton is a Roman Catholic. It is from this vantage point of congealed truth that he surveys the supposed follies of the world. . . . Now it happens that the things Chesterton is so proud about being able to believe are the things that most people put away in childhood—as, for example, belief in the reality of fairies.

In *Scribner's* for June, R. E. Sherwood opened a review of Mencken's "Treatise on the Gods" thus:

H. L. Mencken will probably be roasting merrily in the eternal furnace before he has the satisfaction of knowing that all is forgiven and that he has finally achieved formal recognition as a profound and permanently important thinker. He deserves that recognition now, but there is scant chance that he will get it this side of the Styx.

In an earlier issue of the same magazine Mr. Grattan is again to the fore in a discussion of Humanism and he dismisses the Humanist "free will" as a metaphysical concept of no validity or worth by quoting from Dr. C. J. Herrick's "Fatalism or Freedom":

There is abundant scientific evidence . . . that thinking is a function of the body (and of the brain more particularly), just as truly as walking is a function of the body (and of the legs more particularly). Both of these functions have well known, definitely assignable organs. . . . When, therefore, we say that conscious experience is a causative factor in human behavior, it must be understood that we regard this experience as one part only of a protoplasmic activity involving structural changes in the nervous system, whether we know what these latter are or not.

Now these instances are, in the main, not startling. I have put them down with no comment and in no order. As I have written above, what I found was merely the result of casual and dilatory reading over a period not longer than two days. And the items were not searched for; they forced themselves on my notice. I wonder what the result of all this will be. That is the point. There is an axiom, is there not, about the constant drip of water?

KINSHIP

I can tell by the way you touch a flower
Like a chalice of holy wine—
Or your mother's hand—or a baby's cheek—
That you are kin of mine.

Oh, I might know how you catch your breath
At the throb of a redbird's call,
With wonder beautiful in your eyes—
And not be sure at all.

And I might see how a wistful song
Has magic to make you go
Far off in the dazzle of dreamed-of things,
And never really know.

But though you came from the farthest land
Across the remotest sea,
I could tell by the way you touch a flower
That you are kin to me!

MARIE GRIMES.

They Had No Football Teams

J. A. TOOMEY, S.J.

SCENE: A newspaper feature office. A desk; a telephone; newspapers in profusion on chairs, desk, and floor; a typewriter; a mimeograph.

PERSONAE: *George Arlin*, former newspaper man, advertising copy writer, press agent, publicity man, public relations counsel, now feature writer.

McNabb, ditto, now head of a syndicate.

Harry, ditto, now librarian and research specialist.

George Arlin (at telephone): Hello. Who? No, this is McNabb Features Syndicate. You have the wrong number (hangs up). (*McNabb* enters. Dressed faultlessly—spats, gray gloves, flower in buttonhole, etc.)

McNabb (taking off coat, etc.): Well, George, what's on tap?

George: Two more papers want our Sunday Supplement Service.

McNabb: Good. (Sits down at his desk. His phone rings.) Hello—yes, speaking—oh, hello, Stinson—say, that's pretty short notice, though—well, I guess we can. What's the title? You want the copy at four this afternoon, eh? Well, O.K., we'll have it. Goodbye.

**George*: Stinson?

McNabb: Yes. Two of his regular writers are sick. He's got to have a full-page write-up this afternoon. You'll have to handle this, George. Better put off that Diamond Murder Triangle till tomorrow.

George: What's the subject?

McNabb: "Ignorance and Backwardness of Middle Ages Compared with Modern Progress and Enlightenment."

George: Whew! Middle Ages! I don't know—

McNabb (interrupting): George, you have to get more self-confidence. I'll get you off to a good start (pushes button—*Harry* enters).

McNabb: Harry, bring in everything you got on the Middle Ages.

Harry: Yes, sir (exits).

McNabb: Where's the list—Burning Topics of the Day, George?

George (hands him list): Here it is.

McNabb (reading list): Education, birth-control, child-labor, unemployment, slums, suicides, evolution, prohibition, companionate marriage, racketeering—(*Harry* enters with armful of books).

McNabb: Well, now, George, you can start with education. I'll bet they had dinky little stadiums, bum teams, weak lines, slow-starting backs. Compare their cheese-box stadiums with our coast-to-coast network of million-dollar concrete bowls and—

Harry (looking through books): I don't think they had football teams, Mr. McNabb.

McNabb (astonished): What are you looking under?

Harry: Education.

McNabb: And no football teams?

Harry: No. (*McNabb* inspects books).

McNabb: By gum, he's right. Hmmm, that's weird. Well, then, George, handle it this way. Bring out the unbelievably low level of medieval education—colleges and universities without football teams—not even poor teams—no teams—

George: How did they draw students without football?

McNabb: I don't know. Maybe they didn't have students, either. Did they have students in their education, Harry?

Harry: They had students all right. Lots of them. Here's one place—Boloney—had 20,000.

McNabb: That makes them more backward than ever. Couldn't get a squad out of 20,000. Play that up big, George. Lots of bold type—no coaches—no spring training—no cheer leaders—no fresh-air courses—no intersectional clashes—not one bowl; none of the advanced modern pedagogical ideas. Boy, you got enough there already for a sizzling column.

George: Yeah, that's enough for education.

McNabb: Harry, what have you on birth control?

Harry: They didn't have any.

McNabb: Any race suicide? Companionate marriage?

Harry: No, sir.

McNabb: What could be more backward for you, George?

It's ready made for you. Appalling ignorance of our medieval ancestors. Medieval mind too backward for these advanced modern ideas—

George (interrupting): Unevolved. Entangled in superstitions—like that, eh?

McNabb: Yeah, that's the idea. Bring out their funny way of looking at things—these ignorant people thought the family was the basis of society; purpose of marriage was children—

Harry: Great modern burst of freedom with regard to divorce and companionate marriage; most approved methods of birth-prevention: all these progressive ideas were unknown in the Middle Ages—is that the way you mean, Mr. McNabb?

McNabb: Fine. Say, you boys got the idea now. Suppose you go ahead, George, and work up education and birth control, and I'll give Harry a start on the rest of those Burning Topics (*George* takes his notes and exits).

McNabb: Now, Harry, how did they stand on Evolution?

Harry: Never heard of it.

McNabb: So much the better. Brings out their ignorance all the more. Put a bang into it, Harry. Never heard of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, *Neanderthal* man, *Java* ape man. Enormous power of theory totally missed by backward medieval scientists. Notion of inoculating the public with theories a modern invention.

Harry: It says here the Middle Ages believed man was only a little less than an angel.

McNabb: Ha, ha, that's rich. That'll give you a sell-out paragraph in itself. Believed fairy tales. Thought man was a near-angel. Didn't know he was a

matured monkey. Did they know about monkey morals?

Harry: No.

McNabb: Bring that out then. How drab and dull their lives were. What about child-labor? (Looks at list of Burning Topics.)

Harry: Didn't have any.

McNabb: Suicides?

Harry: No.

McNabb: Unemployed millions?

Harry: No.

McNabb: The thing's all made-to-order for you, Harry. Gee, they're more backward even than I thought they were. Lay it on thick, Harry. Middle Ages far behind our complex modern culture. Afraid to commit suicide. Withheld by superstitions. Did not have the freedom being enjoyed more and more in this upstanding, liberty-loving age.

Harry: How shall I treat child labor and unemployment?

McNabb: Middle Ages did not have highly organized and highly paid commissions for the investigation of poverty, of child labor and problem of unemployed millions. Industrial possibilities of little boys and girls unperceived. Great mechanical improvements throwing millions out of work unknown. Idea of taking wealth away from the herd and concentrating it with the intelligent leaders was a step forward developed by later, more enlightened ages—get the idea?

Harry: Yes.

McNabb: You have enough there now for a couple of rip-roaring columns. Add your stuff to *George's*, and have it ready by four for *Stinson's* boy.

Harry: This history stuff's interesting, isn't it?

McNabb: Yeah, I like it. On your way in, Harry, tell Sam to bring me the dope for the Egyptian article.

REVERIE

The organ soft began to play
An old sweet melody
Of Ireland, the little Isle
Washed by the clean blue sea.

The tune, like Erin's daughters fair,
Like Erin's every son,
Had joy and sadness, laughter, tears.
All mingled, joined in one.

I heard in that low-laughing song
An undertone of tears;
I heard the joys, the griefs, the prayers
Of happy, tragic years.

I saw brave cheerful smiles that beamed
Through eyes all shining wet;
They hid the broken hearts that ached—
That hoped and trusted yet.

I saw—Oh! everything I saw!
And sure, it seemed to me
That God must love that little Isle
Washed by the clean blue sea!

HAYDEN M. VACHON, S.J.

Labor Unions and Craftsmanship

C. J. FREUND

IN the future the electricians' union of Milwaukee will guarantee the work done by its members; any job which fails to pass the inspector will be charged back to the man who made it.

This stipulation was included for the first time in the agreement which was recently renewed between the electricians' union and the Electrical Dealers' and Contractors' Association of Milwaukee. Perhaps the union officials assumed responsibility for the skill of their members merely in order to serve the public and had nothing else in mind. However, the plan suggests unlimited possibilities as a direct, sensible and effective step in the struggle of organized labor to make progress.

The workingman is one of our important problems, and labor unions obviously play, or should play, an important part in the effort to solve this problem. However, the observer, whether favorable to the unions, opposed to them or disinterested, must be impressed by a vast futility in the struggle of the unions with those who oppose them, as if two of the strongest football teams in the country, playing before 120,000 people at Soldiers' Field, were to disregard the goals at either end of the field and kicked, charged, passed, and plunged in a frantic effort to reach the two sidelines. This futility must be largely the fault of the unions, since they are the aggressors in the struggle and select the method of attack.

In recent years the labor organizations have had splendid opportunities. One of the greatest of these opportunities has been a rapidly growing public sentiment in their favor. Public opinion cannot be directly measured, but most people will agree that the public attitude towards organized labor is more sympathetic than it was ten years ago.

This change is the result of many factors. Catholics have yielded in great numbers under the constant hammering of bishops, priests, and teachers on the right of workingmen to organize, as explained in Leo XIII's Encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes." Thousands who cannot be reached by the influence of the Catholic Church, at least not directly, have been converted by the propaganda of the many groups and organizations associated in the popular mind under the general term *Socialists*. Legitimate, modest economists and sociologists have studied the question and have reached and published their conclusion that the union side of the question is the stronger. Many of those for whom fashion has a strong appeal have become supporters of organized labor because the intellectuals have made the support of organized labor fashionable. Of those who make their living by lecturing and writing, not a few were quick to sense the trend and lost no time climbing the wagon to add their very considerable drumming and tooting to the general blare.

Have the unions been alert? Have they taken advan-

tage of the situation? Have they rushed forward on the crest of the wave of public favor? They have not. There may have been exceptions here and there, but on the whole they have hesitated, to say the least. And the public has been a little surprised, just as you are surprised when you hold the door open for your friend and then find that he has changed his mind and is not following you.

It would require an extensive study to determine or even to estimate all the reasons why the labor organizations have made less progress than they might have; to point out one of the foremost of these reasons requires no study at all. Apparently the unions do not care much whether or not their members are skilful workmen. Surely, standards of workmanship ought to be one of the fundamental concerns of any trade union.

Enthusiasts frequently compare the modern labor unions with the medieval guilds. In some respects the comparison may be justified, but the unions have nothing that corresponds to the outstanding feature of the guilds, namely, their jealous maintenance of standards of craftsmanship. No deeper disgrace could come upon a guild than a reputation for lack of skill. It was the pride of the guilds that they protected the public against inferior workmanship. The young man who desired to become an artisan had to serve as apprentice for many years. Thereupon he was examined by a board of critical guild members with whom the standing of the guild was paramount. After a long journeyman'ship, his masterpiece was passed upon by a committee of masters selected for their full understanding and appreciation of the traditions of the guild. The principal claim of the ironworker, the mason, the weaver, and the tanner to guild membership was the class of work he produced.

The principal claim to union membership seems to be the payment of dues, although some kind of employment in the industry involved is undoubtedly a requirement. Trade qualifications have little or nothing to do with it; you or I or anybody could become a member of most unions. Our employer might discover our incompetence but the union officials never would.

At times this carelessness leads to extremes. Some years ago I lived for a time in a city in which the trades were organized, and I took my meals in a boarding house frequented largely by union carpenters. Unusual building activity developed and carpenters were in sharp demand. Many of these men sent into the country for younger brothers, seventeen and eighteen years old, and these boys purchased a set of tools, took out a union card and went to work as union carpenters.

"But these young fellows don't know any more about building than they have learned around their father's farms," I protested to one of the older men.

"Of course not."

"Won't the foreman discharge them for lack of skill?"

"Let them try it, just once," the man replied while he and others standing about laughed significantly.

Under conditions as they exist today in the commercial and industrial world, no organization will flourish in which all thought, all energy, all study, all plans and all work are devoted to itself and its members. Success under present conditions requires that the advantage of client, customer, patron or employer be kept uppermost in mind. The labor organizations, as a rule, have nothing to offer; they have nothing to "sell" to the employer. Union officials cannot vouch for the superiority of union workmen, have apparently never even thought that it might be desirable if they could. All they can do is emphasize the rights of the worker or threaten a strike, and very seldom does either gain them anything.

Imagine that you are vice-president in charge of manufacture in a very large machinery-building corporation. You are making your annual report to the directors. There are nods of encouragement and appreciation as you proceed until you reach the following paragraph:

Early in the year we unionized our shop employes and as a result of the difference between union pay rates and market pay rates there has been an increase in our labor costs during the fiscal year of \$2,440,378.

There is an awkward, ominous silence. The crisp, elderly gentleman at the far corner of the table who is the largest stockholder raises his eyebrows, removes his nose glasses and proceeds to question you.

"Have the organized workmen displayed skill and diligence to compensate for this added cost?"

"I'm afraid not. No advantage is noticeable."

"Then why were they permitted to organize?"

"The leading economists and sociologists appear to be in agreement that unionism is the best solution for the workingman's problems and I thought we should align ourselves with this up-to-date tendency."

Is it necessary to say that your successor would receive instructions to cancel the arrangement with the unions, if possible?

On the other hand, imagine that your paragraph had continued as follows:

However, the superior ability and application of the union workmen have permitted reductions in the cost of maintaining machinery and equipment, in the waste of material and supplies, in scrapped work and in waste of time, to the extent of \$3,233,464, giving a net saving of \$793,085, as a result of union operation.

There are smiles and murmurs of approval. The position of the unions in the plant is secured, two dozen influential persons are converted to unionism, and *you* might be voted a substantial increase in salary.

If, during the next three years, all national, State and local union officials concentrated on the training of their members to make better mechanics out of them, and dealt with employers on this basis, the effect could be nothing less than stupendous.

But the labor organizations have shown no such inclination in the past. Pick up the proceedings of the 1929 convention of the American Federation of Labor; I have not yet seen the 1930 proceedings. Every conceivable problem and question is given attention—

shorter hours, strikes, jurisdiction, organization, legislation, wages, mechanization of industry, sociology, tariff, industrial trends, bargaining, economics, politics—everything except workmanship. There is a committee on education which concerns itself, however, with making the organized worker a better union man, not a better workman; there are committees on legislation, on State and national organization, but none on standards of skill.

"But," someone may contend, "that is not within the province of the American Federation of Labor. Read the constitution; the objects of the Federation do not even include standards of skill and workmanship."

Precisely; why don't they include them?

Can it be that the step taken by the electricians' union at Milwaukee is the first sign of a new policy of organized labor?

The new agreement at Milwaukee not only provides that the union shall guarantee the work of the men but specifies, in addition, that those workmen whose skill does not meet the requirements of both union and employer must attend evening classes until they have shown sufficient improvement. Failure to improve will result in expulsion from the union or demotion to a lower classification of skill, of which three are recognized. A group of 125 electricians and 135 helpers have enrolled in evening courses at the Boys' Technical High School, and a large percentage of them attend three nights per week instead of the two nights which are prescribed.

Shadows and Reality

A. LONGFELLOW FISKE

EMERSON'S definition of an institution as "the shadow of a great man" is suggestive of thought, and in these days of the red-front five-and-ten-cent store which fairly shouts the name of Mr. Woolworth, and of the Ford car which is still the peerless publicity agent for a certain Henry Ford, it must be conceded that the Concord philosopher made a sage comment which is just as true today as when he wrote it.

All institutions are "shadows" of great men, for they are ideas of great men institutionalized.

This is true in government. Imperialism is the "shadow" of Alexander, Napoleon, Metternich, Bismarck, just as Democracy, as it is represented very imperfectly in the "American Idea," which John Lord calls the "merging of a republic with a democracy," summons the anemic ghosts of the French theorists or casts the shadow of Voltaire or that of our own Thomas Jefferson and Hamilton.

But the principle may be carried farther—into the broad realm of religion. Buddhism is the "shadow" of Buddha, Mohammedanism of Mohammed, Confucianism of Confucius. Even Greek culture and Greek philosophy cannot be considered apart from a few great names.

These days we have certain religious "cults" which are popular with various types of minds. And what are they? They are merely the grotesque "shadows" of minds gifted if not with originality, at least with a genius for synthesis, who were able to take distinctive ideas from

ancient religions and mould them into a kind of scientific "system," or systems, which have proved attractive to those seeking the new and the novel.

Theosophy, though a scrambled Buddhism and occultism, is actually a "shadow" of Madame Blavatsky and Annie Besant. Christian Science, that astounding medley of religion, metaphysics, and magic, is the "shadow" of Mary Baker Eddy. I well remember, when a boy, attending a dinner with my parents at the home of a Christian Scientist, and the spoons at each plate were embellished with the face of Mrs. Eddy! This was Carlyle's "hero worship" with a vengeance!

To a large degree it is true that Protestantism is the "shadow" of a great man. That is, it is the direct result of the influence and teaching of dynamic personalities of the past. Martin Luther, John Knox, John Calvin, John Wesley (what a scintillating galaxy of Johns!) and Alexander Campbell, are all names that today are associated with certain Protestant "sects" as their Founders.

We have Luther and Lutheranism; Calvin and Calvinism, which is the Presbyterianism if not of today then certainly of an earlier and more naive generation; Campbellites are the self-styled "Disciples of Christ" of today; and we might go on *ad infinitum* and mention Unitarianism as the "shadow" in America at least, of William Ellery Channing and two or three other notable names, while Universalism is that of Hosea Ballou and John Murray.

While the dictum of Emerson may seem possible of universal application, applying to systems of thought and institutions generally, there is one incontrovertible exception: that is, *it does not apply to Holy Church.*

Protestantism may be, and indeed is, the "shadow," or rather, the shadows, of many theological minds of history. This, however, is no truer of the Catholic Church than it is of Christianity itself. One cannot accurately speak of Christianity as the "shadow" of Jesus Christ, for it is infinitely more than that. It is not a "shadow," nor merely an historical fact, but a spiritual and a supernatural fact, the living presence and power of God in Jesus Christ manifested in and through that institution which is the Mystical Body of Christ.

Here is the difference between the Protestant idea of the Church, and that which is Catholic. To a typical Protestant, the Church is only a "body of believers" banded together for mutual edification and to serve Christ. If he grants any supernaturalism at all, he sees it only in the life of Christ and His Apostles. To him, first-century Christianity with its miracles was one thing, and present-day Christianity without its miracles is another thing; one was concededly supernatural, and the other is accepted as "natural."

To the Catholic, Christianity and the Church, indeed Christ and the Church, are, in a sense, one; there are no interruptions in the operating of Divine Grace; and both Christianity and the Church are Divine and both supernatural. If Christ is God Incarnate, then, to the Catholic, the Church is Christ Indwelling. The chasm between Christ's actual physical presence upon the earth, and that of later believers and disciples, has been bridged; or, to

put it stronger, the gap has been closed up and there is no gap, no chasm!

The liberal scholar, Adolf Harnack, once defined Christianity in remarkable accordance with Catholic doctrine, when he declared that it is "eternal life lived by the power and in the sight of God." That is, as a Catholic would interpret the definition, Christianity is not a mere record of events in the life of a Divine Teacher, or a system of philosophy and ethics taught by Him and His immediate followers; but it is an actual continuation of His life lived upon the earth—His Divine presence, spirit, grace, and wisdom projected into human life through the Sacraments of His supernatural Church.

A Catholic's Christ is a *living* Christ, living just as truly *now* and *today* as 1,900 years ago! He lives in His Church.

A conservative Protestant scholar will admit that the life of Christ was supernatural; but a Catholic scholar declares that the life of the Church is supernatural also, and necessarily must be, since the Church is nothing less than the continued living presence of God in the world. Thus through His supernatural Church must continue to flow the waters of healing, and miracles, such as were known upon the Galilean hills, and must still be expected. The age of supernaturalism is not passed, but is still with us, since our Lord is still with us.

One might say that the Protestant looks at Christianity through the small end of the telescope, and therefore sees it as a thing far off and utterly out of proportion, whereas the Catholic views it through the right end and sees it as close by, near, compelling and real. Or, again, the average Protestant would apply Emerson's axiom to the Church quite as truly as to any other institution. He would say that it is the "shadow" cast not by a merely great man but by a Divine personality, the Divine Son of God—but it would be just a "shadow," only a "shadow."

Being willing to grant supernaturalism in the life of Christ, and perhaps, too, in the lives and works of the immediate Apostles, it would never occur to him to grant supernatural power to, or expect to find it in, the Church which was founded by Christ Himself. Possibly, he would not declare that the Church was founded by Christ at all, but instead, by Martin Luther, or, if he were a Presbyterian, by John Calvin! He would undoubtedly recognize the gulf fixed between Christ and His Apostles and the present-day Church, and he would agree with Lessing that "the religion of Christ is one thing and Christianity is another thing"—the one, perhaps supernatural, but the other, most assuredly "natural," human, and fallible—at best but a "shadow" cast upon the earth by the greatest man who ever lived.

There is a supreme distinction to be made between the Protestant and the Catholic conceptions of the Church, the former thinking of it as merely a "body of believers," a most human institution, the "shadow" of a great man, though possibly "Divine," and the latter, as the continued, living, supernatural presence of God in the world.

For a Protestant minister, steeped in Protestant theology and accustomed to the Protestant viewpoint of the Church, the discovery of the real truth about the matter,

could not fail to be a tremendous experience; and to me it was an indescribably happy one, for it meant the actual finding of God after a long and heart-breaking search.

Canon Farrar once wrote a book entitled, "Seekers after God," in which he told the story of certain great pagan minds searching sincerely for the Ultimate Reality. I am not placing my name with these, yet I must confess that the plea which was upon their lips, as it was upon the lips of Philip, was upon mine also, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." (I believe that this is the Protestant translation, with which I am more familiar.) And little did I think that at the end of my seeking, God would answer my cry through the voice of His living Church, saying, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

This was the greatest, the most joyous, and indeed the climactic discovery of my life! At last the search was rewarded—I found God in His living Church! Christ was no longer historical only. He was still alive, and through the Sacraments of the Church and through His living representative in the Chair of Peter, He was speaking with the same authority as of old upon the deep and eternal questions of destiny! I suddenly recognized the voice of the Church as consistently authoritative precisely because it was the voice of Christ. I saw that there was nothing ridiculous or arbitrary about the "authoritative" note of the Church when it spoke *ex cathedra* in matters concerning religion and morals, for it was thus that Jesus spoke when living in the flesh, and, living today, in His Church, He could not but speak just as dogmatically and positively.

My search for God, ending in the discovery of Holy Church, had been one of constant disillusionment, until, at last, there came upon my soul the flood of light which, I must confess, for a while was quite as blinding to me as the light of Christ's countenance was to Paul on the road to Damascus. If it didn't blind me, it did at least bewilder me for a time, and was it not Festus who, in Bailey's epic, was annihilated by the sudden, complete revelation of God? He couldn't look God straight in the face any more than the Hebrew patriarchs could, and the veil was drawn. God lives in His Church today and one can spiritually discern Him face to face, but still, there is the veil—the veil of mysteries—such as the dogmas of the Virgin Birth, the Trinity, and the Real Presence. The finite mind of man cannot fully understand these mysteries; and this, truly, is the veil drawn between us and Himself. If we could fully comprehend or apprehend, we would be blinded like Paul, we would be annihilated like Festus!

BRIEF EPISODE

Do not regret your little shattered hour.
No beauty lasts—of cloud or tree or flower.

Beauty made permanent would prove a pain
Too exquisite to bear. Compute your gain

Against what has been lost and you will find
Fate has been generous—and reason blind.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

Sociology

Parental Education

M. E. DU PAUL

THAT the strength of the American family as a social institution is gradually decreasing is not disputed. Evidences of this condition are apparent in the increasing number of divorces, in deferred marriages, in the small families of the upper and middle classes, and in the lack of respect for order and law, as shown by the growing number of juvenile delinquents and criminals.

What factors have been responsible for this state of affairs?

From time immemorial, the home has been recognized as our first educational institution. Education began there, and our parents were our first educators. Once, the home was self-sufficient. Training in music, sewing, cooking, recreation, etiquette, and care of the health was all considered part of the home education of the youth. However, with the industrial revolution and our mechanical age, a change has been brought about.

What do we find today? At the early age of one and one-half years parents can—and some do—place their young children in day nurseries and nursery schools. Here they are studied very minutely and in detail. A physical and psychological study is made. Good habits are formed. Children are taught independence. True it is that economic forces have been responsible for this early removal of the youth from his home. Then, on the other hand, certain parents feel that young children are better off under the supervision of those who have made a study of children. Be that as it may, more responsibility has been removed from the home, and it now maintains very little of its former strength and power.

In former times, the father was considered the wage earner, while the mother's duty was to care for the home and the children. In spite of the fact that some sociologists argue that mothers are better homemakers if not on the job all the time, it stands to reason that no woman can carry full-time household duties and an outside job as well. Mothers and fathers often leave home at an early hour to go to their work outside the home. If parents are thoughtful of their children's health and welfare, they arrange to leave breakfast prepared for them; more often the child helps himself to the coffee left in the pot by the parents. At noon, if the school does not provide a lunch, the child indulges in "hot dogs" on the corner, or snatches a bite at the delicatessen. In the evening, because father and mother come home late, a meal is thrown together in a hurry. After the evening meal, father goes to his club or lodge (which may be a "speakeasy"), mother to the movies or a social gathering, and the children, after making an attempt at doing homework under unfavorable conditions, go to over-crowded and poorly ventilated movies. Surely, a discouraging picture presents itself.

In the old days, when children left for school in the morning, mother saw that the day was started right with a good breakfast, that Mary or John was properly

clothed, that an adequate lunch was provided at noon. Then after school, the child had that precious piece of bread and butter, and a glass of milk. Children assisted in the performance of home duties—helping with the meals or mending, or practising a music lesson. Parents helped pupils with their lessons, and assisted them with perplexing problems. Health was taken care of by the home. Possibly there were not so many bathtubs or clinics, but plenty of washtubs, soap and water. Watchful in the background stood the good old family physician who had ushered the child into life, and knew the whole family, being present at births, marriages, and deaths.

There were the chores, carrying in the wood and coal, carrying out the ashes. These home duties developed in the child a sense of accomplishment and independence and helped him to feel that he was part of the household. There was no formal recreation, but plenty of exercise in work, and plenty of play at home, or in good-sized school yards and empty lots. Today all these homely activities have been removed from the home, and transferred to other agencies. Boys' and girls' clubs, summer camps, settlement houses, clinics, hospitals, and the school have taken over the functions once performed by the home. While it was not intentionally the purpose of these agencies to usurp duties not their own, more and more responsibility seems to have been taken from the parents, and they have gladly transferred their authority.

Is it any wonder, then, that there is less discipline in the home and school? The school authorities report that there is no cooperation from the parents, the teachers complain that children have no respect for authority. Obedience and authority are unknown factors. Much time has to be spent in correcting faulty health habits that should by right have been taken care of in the home. More religious education has been transferred to the schools, for parents themselves assume very little of this important responsibility. As for etiquette, time was when to mention such a subject in the school would have been a reflection on the home. Not so today.

The major part of the child's training has fallen upon the school. Although there are many discouraging conditions and apparent weaknesses in the home at the present time, it is still recognized as the most important agency in child development and education. There is at least a renewed hope in the fact that, in spite of the disintegration of the family, socially minded people do recognize its importance, and are striving to bring about a better understanding of the function of the home and its relation to the community.

In the recent White House Conference on child health and protection, one whole section (Committee on the Family and Parent Education) made a thorough study of the subject. Some of its revelations are rather startling. Others have always been known. No one denies that regardless of race, culture and changing economic and social conditions, the basic function of the home has always been the care and training of the young, the nurturing of traditions, and the building up of an adult family life which will send out individuals better able to face life than were their parents.

One very definite conclusion that most people were well aware of was "that the family is undergoing definite and rapid changes due to certain trends in modern industrial civilization and influencing family life." On the other hand there were evidences that the family is not undergoing any fundamental changes and the committee contended that:

1. Those functions which are being removed from the home are superficial in nature.

2. When outside forces reach more deeply into fundamental family structure, there is instinctive resistance to their influence in order to preserve family integrity.

3. The survival of the family is an indication that it fulfils deep-seated needs of the human race.

4. Institutional care has for the most part produced uninspired individuals, poorly adjusted to the outside world. Aristotle voiced the protest of human nature against impersonal and institutional care of the young in the following words: "*How much better is it to be a real cousin of somebody than a 'son' after Plato's fashion.*"

5. The almost universal dismay expressed at apparent tendencies toward family disintegration is proof of the significance of the family in human life.

6. Child guidance and psychiatric clinics furnish evidence that serious maladjustment results in individuals who have been deprived by accident of self-identification in society through not belonging to the family, and also in those individuals who have become involved in a conflict between irreconcilable demands of family life and external social forces.

One interesting study conducted in North Carolina showed a slight correlation between delinquency and the non-ownership of homes. Studies in environmental factors in juvenile delinquency indicate that good children grew up side by side with delinquents in the same environment.

In all studies made regarding maladjustment in children, the general opinion was that the family must depend for guidance upon the expert opinion of those engaged in the fields of psychology, psychiatry, and mental hygiene. In accordance with these principles, the child must be loved, protected and encouraged. He needs affection and the help of the family to strengthen him for contacts with the outside world.

The committee recommended education as one of the surest methods of meeting this social maladjustment in family life. With our rapid advance in economic and social changes, it is obvious that the home has not kept pace with these changes. Another important recommendation of the committee was that as industrialism and efficiency are carried over into education, it is important that vocational competency should not be stressed to the neglect of education for living.

Very definite suggestions were made that supplementary training for parents be provided to help them meet the actual problems of child care. Home economics was suggested as one means, through its information concerning food, clothing and shelter.

Through parental education all problems referring to family life could be considered. Fathers as well as mothers ought to benefit by this instruction. Widespread information is now available through parent-teacher groups, conferences, lectures, radio talks and popular literature. Many problems concerning the social and educational life

of the child, such as heredity, health, special behavior problems, home management, religious education, vocational guidance, are worthy of much consideration and study. Child guidance clinics, and agencies such as the church, the juvenile court, children's aid societies, community centers, health clinics, public-health nurses, visiting teachers, through direct contact with the home, are assisting parents in their individual problems. The combined efforts of individuals and groups justify the hope that prevention and adjustment will be the result, and the home will at last be restored to its traditional place in society.

Education

Ivy and Rectangles

EDWARD D. REYNOLDS, S.J.

SPEAKING for himself with certainty, and yet believing that his is only the common consciousness of all good Chicagoans, the writer confesses to a troubled mind and heart whenever he views again his native city. He finds that he cannot attain that rich contentment that comes simply of being a New Yorker. There is a fly in the ointment of civic pride, an awareness of imperfection that perhaps is the inevitable mark of the provincial soul, differentiating him from the bland superiority of the true metropolitan. There are moments when the achievements of his city fill him with pride, but there are performances which make him shiver with a new inferiority complex; there are places and times when his city shows an unearthly beauty, but there are vast wastes which make it the ugliest city in the United States. And if he were not aware of these contrasts out of his own experience, there would be no escaping them after each distinguished visitor is washed up on the shores of Lake Michigan and reports his searching analysis of the *genius loci*.

But at least, after such a confession, it should be allowed to a Chicagoan that he is able to find some contrasting notes in the Chicago scene which the distinguished visitors have not yet uncovered between trains. Such a set of contrasting values is here set down, and, the writer believes, for the first time.

The ivy covers, or is being trained to cover, the towers and halls of a great university. Hopefully planted some quarter of a century ago, it is working its way over the great masses of splendid Tudor Gothic, has even in places succeeded in darkening windows, and everywhere has softened the stiff lines of stone. In a city of such quick progress there is no doubting that another quarter of a century will see the university completely and graciously covered with ivy. But this is only part of a larger movement. For the ivy in its humble, lovely way has only complemented the halcyon airs that waft to and fro the mellowing potency that pours from a hundred-thousand chimneys. Together the ivy and the smoke have labored swiftly to achieve the priceless patina of antiquity which, by a curious union of the old and the new, the university in so few years has achieved.

And to what a nobly beautiful architecture they have added this completeness of perfection! For what would have been the ivy, to what purpose the smoke, if beneath their suggestion of centuries of age there had not been first of all a fabric of truly medieval feeling! Without compromise with modernity, or with utility, or with economy, the finest group of Tudor Gothic buildings in the country has been built here. It is true that later work displays a somewhat superior sophistication of design, but that is because the best architects have themselves made progress in their efforts to go backwards to the happy age of Henry VII and Elizabeth. But, all in all, a Chicagoan may feel that there is not so medieval a "site for a university" in all America as is here within his own city limits, nor is there anywhere a university where learning is so expertly staged.

It might be suspected that such a meticulous mounting, worthy of Belasco, was indeed for a stage play, and that the education given here was like the buildings, a remarkably good imitation of the real thing, but, after all, only a show, the stuff of which dreams are made. But this would be far from the truth. For, as all educators know, so much depends on the atmosphere in which lectures are given and books are read. The spiritual messages of great minds cannot be received when all around are noisy street cars, dismal alleys, and, worst of all, factory-like buildings. And there seems to be a certain I-know-not-what-ness about Tudor Gothic that has made it veritably the Collegiate Gothic, so that scarcely any reputable institution of learning can afford to be without it, even if it must be got together with vitrified brick and trimmed with pinnacles and mullions of terra cotta. But in this university, at least, there needed to be no compromise with a depleted pocket book or an unsophisticated taste, where the greatest fortune in the world stood behind, and the finest architects were given a free hand. In the current phase, the result is notable.

Yet to make clear that education in this institution is the real thing, it is necessary to make one of those awkward admissions that are so often forced on the good Chicagoan. For, laughing at the queer little joke that has been played, he must call attention to this indubitable fact: that within these medieval halls, so mellowed by the smoke and ivy of a full generation, the education is startlingly enough quite modern. Here where one might expect the professors to be droning the *praenotanda* of a scholastic thesis in philosophy, spinning out distinctions, and subsumptions, elaborating majors and minors, there is on the contrary a vast business of research going forward whose primary postulates are that medieval scholastic and Catholic thought is quite impossible, indeed is quite dead. Be assured, no matter how the architecture of this university bespeaks the learning of another age, that here in this great modern city, is the very fountain head of modernity.

But this is only the one side of a contrast whose next evolution is geographical. A radius from the center of the city, drawn south and east and terminating in the medieval settings just described, would, if swung 180 degrees north and west, reach approximately another

institution of learning, the second member of our comparison. While this is quite possibly of no significance, and the real contrast is not a matter of distance and direction, yet it does come upon one with startling swiftness, once we have traveled this diameter to the opposite end of the city.

There is here no wide-spreading group of country-side spaciousness, ancient with a generation's soot and ivy growth. But out of a crowding assembly of houses and apartment buildings rises a single structure, modern in its every line and stone. No atmosphere of the Middle Ages here, no compound of architectural stage craft and antique ivy, distinguishes this building like a "distant prospect of Eton College." Perhaps 100 by 200 feet at the base, but rising a full 150 feet into the air, it is a great pile of retreating, rectangular planes; cleanly gray where shaded, gleaming white where they are struck directly by the sunlight, rising from the green of the trees and lawns permitted by the narrow separations from neighboring houses, tumbling backwards and upwards into the blue of the sky. The new college is truly sister to the newest of the skyscrapers in modernity. It is, the writer would hazard, one of the finest conceptions in the new manner of "set-back" rectangular surfaces of stone, the bearer of a strange new beauty that in time will pass into new and unhazarded beauties of mass and line. Time alone will tell.

The modernity of this structure, when contrasted with the medievalism of the university across the city, would hardly be so striking did there not exist here a parallel contrast within the walls, with that odd opposition of medieval atmosphere and modern thought described above. For here within this most modern building, there will not be conducted a school of "modern thought," but there will be handed down that old tradition of faith and philosophy which we would be inclined to associate only with Gothic towers and ivy-covered walls, the heritage of eternal truth and age-tried philosophy which is the possession of this as of every other Catholic seat of learning, ancient or modern.

If there is any meaning in these contrasts it is probably this: that modern thought is not very well satisfied with itself, feels itself something of a parvenu, and is oddly inconsistent in its efforts to acquire an ancient grace and beauty when it builds itself a temple; but that the older philosophy and the old Faith is too sure of itself to put on the false face of a long-past architecture, and, because it finds itself at home in the world of today, it symbolizes its eternal youthfulness in this most modern of buildings. Perhaps it is overdoing the idea of contrast and stretching the truth a little, to note that while the one school appears essentially masculine-minded, only compromising with the modern spirit to allow women to share its privileges, the Catholic college is exclusively for women!

Yet a final contrast is irresistible. Be it said that no powerful group of millionaires is building this modern skyscraper college, but some of those demure people—the nuns! the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

With Scrip and Staff

TO travel on Christmas Day may be in the spirit of the Scriptures, but it is distasteful to the Pilgrim. However, it seemed to have no depressing effect on the handsome, well-dressed gentleman, apparently in his best forties and in gold-rimmed eyeglasses who was declaiming on the opposite side of the aisle. His remarks were addressed, without intermission, in a clear, penetrating voice, to a meek-looking youth who accepted the situation with a pleasant smile, and an occasional murmur of "Ah, yes! Quite so. I rather fancy," and so on. The youth was apparently an Irish visitor to the States; since in the rare moments when he could speak, he quoted bits of Irish history, and told an incident or two of current political movements in Ireland.

I was too absorbed in a bit of reading I had put aside for a holiday treat—the report of the Franciscan Educational Conference 'way back last July—to get, save in snatches, his cataract of wisdom on biology and eugenics. My attention was first caught when he started off on the Irish.

"Of course, being a native of Ireland," he continued, "you are aware that there are different kinds of Irish. In the north of Ireland you find the northern Irish. Their ancestors came from Scotland. They are a hardy, loyal, highly intelligent race. They are often called the Scotch-Irish. They have contributed to our American culture. Their chief city is called Belfast. It is a large, clean, prosperous, progressive city. It engages in the linen industry.

"In the south of Ireland you find the southern Irish. For instance, you have Dublin. Dublin is in the south of Ireland."

"So they say," murmured the pleasant young man.

"Certainly," continued the mentor. "The southern Irish are in great part Danes. They are descendants of the terrible Danes who landed there at the battle of Clontarf, was it not? They have blue eyes, relentless energy, and a vindictive disposition. Their names begin largely with O or Mac. O is short for Of; the letter *f* simply being elided. It means they are descended from somebody, usually a tribal ancestor, like the Vikings. Mac means son, or son of; in Erse, or some similar tongue, spoken by the aborigines. Those of the Southern Irish who are not Danes are Celts. They are a small, dark, restless people; never blue-eyed or fair-haired.

"The knowledge of all these tribal characteristics is reached through the Laws of Heredity. These were first discovered by Darwin, who was an Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxons, as you know, are the most intelligent people in the world. They are given to science. Also to improvement and civilization. They are the backbone of the United States. The Laws of Heredity are Facts. Science deals with Facts.

"Now there are only two things in the world: Science or Facts, and Faith. Facts and Faith are always in conflict. You have to choose between them. In the north of Ireland the people believe in Facts. That is why they are so happy and prosperous. In the South they live on Faith. That is why they are so revolutionary. Faith,

however, cannot stand up against Facts. Facts always demolish Faith. This is seen as soon as you begin the study of philosophy which teaches you the value of Facts. Personally, being scientifically inclined, I take stock only in Facts.

"As soon as you begin to learn facts you become progressive. You learn to kick superstition out of your mind. You are done with creeds and dogmas. You live for fraternity and love. You are filled with the world soul. You breathe a freer air. You can learn all this from Arthur Brisbane. He is the greatest living Anglo-Saxon. He thinks and talks nothing but scientific facts. He shows you how the cosmic rays are penetrating the brain cells of superstition-ridden humanity, and exploding the age-old incumbrances of medieval theologies. . . ."

The high, vibrant voice followed me even the length of the whole car on arriving. Only when I mingled with the huge holiday crowd on the concourse did it gradually fade into nothingness, still crisply articulating about "Kant, who was the first to explain to people that they had a brain."

And, dear reader, if you are doubtful, let me say that if I had not actually heard the above, that blessed Christmas Day, and twenty times more of the same, I should not have had the "face" to suggest it, much less to undertake to invent it.

THERE was something about that Compleat Babbitt, with his sparkling eyes and the finest exterior that you could ask for, that made me think he was himself, or his ancestors, an O or a Mac gone wrong. The Lord knows there are plenty such dupes of the Sunday Supplement. But the growth of their number will never be lessened merely by our ridiculing the absurdities of pseudo-science. True science, that austere maid, must be wooed by Catholics if sanity is to be restored. When we hear men like Professor Millikan on December 29, admitting to the Association for the Advancement of Science, at its annual meeting in Cleveland, that the phenomena of heat and energy can only be explained on the hypothesis that the Creator is forever active in the universe; that the materialistic concept of the world order is out of date, and that God must frankly be postulated, it rouses us all the more to the opportuneness of the present moment for research on the part of Catholic scholars.

Says Dr. Millikan:

This [that energy is somehow "leaking out" from interstellar space] has been speculatively suggested many times before in order to allow the Creator to be continually on His job. Here is perhaps a little bit of experimental finger points in that direction.

But it is not all proved nor even perhaps necessarily suggested. If Sir James Jeans prefers to hold one view and I another on this question, no one can say nay. The one thing of which you may be quite sure is that neither of us knows anything about it.

But for continuous building up of the common elements out of hydrogen in the depths of interstellar space, the cosmic rays furnish excellent experimental evidence.

I am not altogether unaware of the difficulties of finding an altogether satisfactory kinetic picture of how these events take place; but acceptable and demonstrable facts do not, in this twentieth century, seem disposed to wait on suitable mechanical pictures. Indeed, has not modern physics thrown the purely mechanistic view of the universe root and branch out of its houses?

In next week's AMERICA, Father LeBuffe will discuss the views of Sir James Jeans. There are, of course, some discrepancies between what appears to be Professor Millikan's hypothesis of a sort of radio-active Creator, continually sending energy out through space, and the Christian concept of the concurrence of a transcendent and infinitely simple spiritual Being, who uphold in their existence all created agents. Nevertheless, the causal deduction which has led to the one leads naturally to the other more perfect concept, and the remarkable Millikan utterance comes aptly only two days after Mr. Chesterton had heralded the dawn in the scientific world, after the night of crass materialism.

THAT is just why the words of Father Hubert Vecchierello, O.F.M., Ph.D., in the aforesaid Franciscan report, appeared to me so timely. From the report, by the way, one learns that there were eighty-eight Franciscans, of the different groups, active in the production of books and articles in the United States and Canada during 1929. Science and philosophy, Father Hubert holds, have been too long divorced; and the time has come now to remarry them. It was not the "appeal to reason," he maintains, that gave birth to modern experimental science, but "a repudiation of the adequacy of the deductive method to supply the be-all and the end-all of human thought," and he continues:

Science began as a movement against the past methods of viewing things, and in doing this it took on an anti-intellectualist and anti-rationalist tone or bias from which it still suffers, due to the fear engendered in the founders of modern science of the endless and vain speculations of the philosophers who opposed every move made by the heralds of the new learning: science appealed to facts, rationalism [in the sense of exclusive reliance on deductive methods] appealed to its general laws and deductions, and this is where they stand today.

Yet there must be some means of breaking down this bias which exists, for science was once a part of philosophy. Since the period of the Renaissance, science and philosophy have pursued their separate ways ignoring each other and underestimating each other's work. The revolt might have been justified but there is no reason why it should continue, especially now when the supposed impregnable foundations of the various sciences have become weak and unintelligible. The sciences are on the threshold of a period of thorough criticism of their very foundations and to have any lasting success, they must become more philosophical. . . . If there is any great conflict between science and Scholasticism it is not irreconcilable by any stretch of the imagination: all that it seems to be is one of attitude, of approach, of methodology.

We need, he remarks, not only scientifically minded laymen, but "scientifically minded churchmen, for they are the leaders, the representatives, the spokesmen of the Church, and it is often only through them that the Church and her principles will obtain a hearing." And Father Hubert quotes the words of Cardinal Mercier on "men who will devote themselves, in greater numbers, to science *for itself*, without any aim that is professional or directly apologetic, men who will work *at first hand* in fashioning the materials of the edifice of science, and who will thus contribute to its gradual construction. . . . Association must make up for the insufficiency of the isolated worker." Father Edward Schmitz, O.S.B., attended the recent annual meeting of the American Philological Association at the University of Iowa.

AS I write these lines, Catholic scientists and teachers of science have just finished attending their fourth Round Table, on December 29 of this year in Cleveland, with the Rev. Dr. James B. Macelwane, S.J., of St. Louis University, as chairman. The purpose of this group is to encourage productive, as contrasted with absorptive, scholarship, amongst Catholics. The utmost simplicity of organization and of procedure has enabled the group to get down to business at once; and last year's meeting, which was held at Des Moines Catholic College, brought a wealth of valuable suggestions. Last year's chairman, the Rev. Dr. Anselm M. Keefe, O. Praem., of St. Norbert College, made an interesting suggestion when he pointed out "what an astounding influence Catholic institutions could have on contemporary life if every monastery, seminary, motherhouse, convent, college, or academy, as well as every Catholic university, had at least its two or three teaching members devoting part of their time to scientific research." But it was realized that only a "slow and persistent development of the research idea" could bring anything like this about. It was also pointed out that the Catholic student has a double advantage: he has an opportunity not only in the secular institution, but also a future in the Catholic school which is ever on the lookout for good teaching ability. The "repeated and welcome appearances of Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.S.D., Ph.D., of Rosary College, before the Botanical Society of America," were an indication of what the teaching sisterhoods can do along these lines.

THE PILGRIM.

WHERE WATERS MEET

Death slipped into the palace
And chose a golden bed—
"Arise," said he to the young prince,
"So I may lie here in your stead."

Death strode into the hovel
And stood at the low cot's head,
"Depart," said he to the young son,
"For I would lie down in your bed."

The palace weeps and the hovel
And their tears wash the other's heart,
For death can join together
What life has struck apart.

AILEEN TEMPLETON.

OLD MIRROR

Fine old mirror in fine old ebony frame,
Fine old costly glass,
What do you say, what do you say,
As I glance and pass?

Yes, I go back to you, I turn,
I face you . . . Well?
What is it now you would say to me?
What have you to tell?

This I say to you, old mirror:
Myself I am,
Myself, none other, shall always be,
None can replace . . .
What, then, old mirror, do you say to me
Out of this strange, strange face?

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Literature

Sheila Kaye-Smith

J. R. N. MAXWELL, S.J.

TO a great extent Sussex is a land of farms and farming, the home of the peasant folk, the men and women of the fields whose lives are noble and simple. Their spokesman is Sheila Kaye-Smith, who as early as 1908 directed the attention of the English-speaking world to this plot of Sussex earth, and today continues to keep that attention focussed on the slow but interesting lives of the Sussex peasantry.

Though Sheila Kaye-Smith has lived and written through an age which witnessed a literary revolution, she has had no part in it. Early in life the dignity of toil and the grim struggle of yeomen with the forces of nature enlisted the aid of her pen. To this cause she would seem to have sworn fealty. Nor has she swerved from her course. While Galsworthy and Depping strive to delight with the somewhat artificial loveliness of English lawns shaded with stately elms, and the conversation of men and women whose lives are foreign to labor, Miss Kaye-Smith delves into a world of reality which she knows from experience to bring us armfuls of real romance, the rugged romance of the soil. The idealized farm where plentiful crops flourish in well-weeded beds, where bees come home heavy with honey, and where dainty milkmaids grace a model dairy have no place in her writing. For her there is no piping of flutes in sunny pastures of Arcady, but rather with a strength founded on conviction, and a sympathy born of love she pictures her people with a deft and fascinating exactness. Her maids scour their muddy floors and gut their barnyard fowls, while the men's backs ache and scorch in the sun as the sweat drops onto their scythes. She is a novelist of life, and no phase of life is too mean for her notice.

With the publication of "The Tramping Methodist" in 1908 Sheila Kaye-Smith won the plaudits of an eager public which were repeated wholeheartedly with the appearance of her subsequent volumes, "Starbrace," "Spell Land," "The Isle of Thorns," and "Three Against The World." This brings us up to the year 1916. At this time what might be called a vogue was suddenly transformed into enthusiastic adulation. "Sussex Gorse," her production of this period, was readily granted the place of honor among the novels of its time. It is remarkable in its conception and treatment, an epic of the land.

Told in the language of reality it is a story of the power which one tiny plot of earth has over all the strivings of a man. During sixty long years this tyranny goes on, constantly grinding every trace of humanity out of its victim, Reuben Backfield. The land was called Boarzell Moor, an unusually wild spot grown with gorse and furze. From time unremembered a section of it had been the scene of the town fairs. But fifty of its useless acres had been the property of Reuben's father, a genial, easy-going man; because of a technicality in the drawing up of the deeds and his desire for peace he was deprived of it. A mere quibble had robbed Reuben of the holdings which should have been his by heritage. The honor

of the Backfield name had been defiled, and in his innermost heart Reuben swore that he would never consider the taint removed until he had owned and subdued every acre of Boarzell Moor. He would plant and reap crops there. To him the game was well worth the candle, and he burned it at either end. To feed this mad frenzy he sacrificed all that had else been dear to him, mother, wives, sons, daughters and an only brother along with all the finer instincts of human nature. Stoked with such fuel the flame of his passion burned strong. True, there were moments when the love of family would seem to supersede the greed for land, but this love always withered and shriveled up in the hot breath of the stronger passion. Little by little Boarzell is subdued and brought at last into complete subjection. The price was dear, and Reuben Backfield bereft of family and friends paid in full.

The morose starkness of the story is free from all suggestion of dullness due to the author's skillful presentation. Her method is direct and quiet; her portrayal of character knows none of those wearying analyses found in so many of the literary wallets of our age. From a remote and obscure background she works out the destiny of her people step by step, so concealing her art and obliterating herself, that they live and move before us with the semblance of reality. Their language is her language; their life also is hers.

Treading closely on the heels of this success came "The Challenge to Sirius." Here again the love of the land is her motive force. This time it is the Isle of Oxney, a small tract wedged in between Kent and Sussex. To this land of farms which are "caught in the web of twisting lanes," her hero, Frank Gainger, gave his heart when it was young and free to give. From it he traveled to London for a literary career, abandoned London for America where he fought in the cause of the South during the Civil War. Having been taken prisoner, he escaped and while making his way to the West Indies he was wrecked on the coast of Yucatan. After a sojourn of eleven years in that place as a servant to an old priest he answered the call of Oxney and Maggie Coalbran, the sweethearts of his youth. Frank Gainger was never quite at home outside his native heath, and Miss Kaye-Smith is not so happy in her handling of him in foreign lands. Nor do I intend that this statement be taken in any wise as a condemnation of this excellent story, for it is always vitally interesting whether she takes us to Yucatan or to the old South. But her narrative and descriptions have not the same suggestion of self-possession in these places as is theirs at home.

"Little England" which was published in this country in 1918 under the title of "The Four Roads" is a fine account of the Sussex peasants' reaction to the War. Tucked away in their quiet farm existence the rumble of the War was faint and muffled for them. Their small parcel of pastures was their world, and so when the trumpet blare startled them into a realization of what was going on in England and across the channel they "couldn't get the hang of it no how." They took the summons with reluctance, and they left their fields, these yeomen born,

ever casting a backward glance over their rounded shoulders. Stolidly and with peasant patience they bore their part of the burden. The glory of England was a concept too subtle for their land-schooled intelligence. What was England by comparison with their world of Sussex, their little village of Dallington? For them it was a war to destroy farms. In this, as in her other novels, Miss Kaye-Smith shows herself a master of character creation and portrayal. These men and women come into her story and grow up with it as naturally as does the gorse of the fields in which they live. This time her hero is a composite of seven characters, and to each one of the seven is accorded a full section of the book according as their roles become important enough for them to step from the background to the center of the stage. Her treatment of them is powerful. Each one is distinct, though a child of the same earth. She writes of them as she understands them, and because she understands them so very well her sympathy for them is deeply sincere.

Her work for the following year, "Tamarisk Town," did much to enhance the fame that was already hers. From the village her setting is moved to town, but the struggle still goes on, the dominance of ambition over sincerity. The food of this ambition is undeserved reputation which has to be won to the satisfaction of this ambition even at the cost of truth and reality.

"Green Apple Harvest" returns to the farm for its background and prepares us with its homely atmosphere for the greatest of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels, "Joanna Godden." No character that she has drawn has ever equalled this creation. Strength and weakness, unselfish love and generous self-sacrifice all clamor for predominance in Joanna, who to satisfy the love she had for her sister and the interest in the earth which she tilled, turned away from her heart's affection for a shepherd only to find that love would not turn away from her. And so she turned to love again. Here we meet with the same kindly moulding of simple characters in their Sussex farm life, and we feel that the author knows and loves these people as we know she loves the land on which they dwell. And it is precisely because of this that Miss Kaye-Smith deserves to rank among the best. She is a novelist of character and natural backgrounds, a weaver of rhythmical paragraphs that rise and fall with the swelling undulations of her own Sussex hills. With the witchery of moonlight and the golden glory of the sun she adds much charm to her already beautiful landscapes. Her nature descriptions are, perhaps, the one note of romanticism in her writing.

Since the publication of "Joanna Godden," Miss Kaye-Smith has brought out "The End of the House of Alard," "The George and the Crown," "Iron and Smoke" and "Shepherds in Sackcloth." The latter is her offering for the present season. It will be long remembered for its two charming characters, Mr. Bennet and his motherly, motherless wife, incumbents of a Sussex rectory. The kindly care of this old shepherd for the flock entrusted to him, and his determination to overcome all episcopal obstacles in the discharge of his

pastoral duties are striking lines in this picture of sweetness and strength. Against the advice of fellow-pastors who counselled compromise and apparent obedience, Mr. Bennet in his fatherly concern for the spiritual needs of his flock, threw expediency to the wind at the command of conscience. It was this obedience to the voice of conscience which occasioned the death of his devoted wife. It was the struggle between conscience and a whimsical, unreasonable episcopal authority which caused his own. Interwoven with the lives of these two characters we find George and Theresa, whose story of love and its final tragedy make up the sub-plot of the novel. This story, like so many of Miss Kaye-Smith's works, was gathered by her from the land of her native Sussex. Her intimacy with the life of which she writes gives to her pages a flavor of sincerity, while her method of telling a story is, because of her unusual literary skill, quaintly fascinating.

At present Miss Kaye-Smith's position is with the *Sunday Express*, a London journal whose columns she enriches with her reviews of books and her guiding remarks on current writings. A recent criticism of her work reminded us that with the exception of the revelation of her religious tenets in the Anglican High Church she is most objective.

Since that statement was made "Shepherds in Sackcloth" has been published and both Miss Kaye-Smith and her husband, the Rev. Theodore Fry, have been received into the Catholic Church. Her first book as a Catholic is a series of short spiritual essays entitled "The Mirror of the Months." This has been selected as one of the two outstanding books of the month for January by the Catholic Book Club.

REVIEWS

Five Masters. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.50.

Mr. Krutch assumes an important place in the modern philosophical world in virtue of his representative character. No one can deny that his opinions are the best and the most coherent echoes of the conversations in the various Grub streets in and around New York. No one can deny that he is the interpreter of a great number of producing artists who are too busy analyzing their consciousness to state a problem in its ultimates. This function unfortunately constitutes Mr. Krutch's single value. In his "Modern Temper," which created something of a stir among the Humanist ranks, there was an indication that he had achieved something more than a pose, that he had actually reasoned to the absurdities of materialism and to the utter sterility of scientific determinism. There were many who thought that he was attaining the independence of the philosopher when he sloughed off, for a chapter or two, the advocacy of "progress" and "adjustment to new values." The promise has not been fulfilled. The best that can be said for "Five Masters" is that it is a throwback to primitive methods of historical criticism, dashed here and there with an obvious sophistication long outmoded in the literary market. Purporting to be a study in the mutations of the novel, the book includes analyses of the significance of Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal and Proust, employing the most illegitimate apriorities since Bury's intellectual crimes of "The Idea of Progress." The specific imperfections of reasoning and information, the numerous clichés apropos the dark ages and monkish superstition, the horrible recurrence of metaphysical contradictions, render it impossible within the space of this review to list

even the more important mistakes. It is fairly evident that despite contrary protestations Mr. Krutch is an ardent preacher of the Rousseauistic doctrine, as unhappy and confused a romantic as all the sad young novelists could make him. Particularly in his essays on Boccaccio, Stendhal and Proust there is a washy sentiment and a pagan mysticism which is the unfailing characteristic of the Dreiserian apologist. As a volume of criticism, "Five Masters" is wholly deficient, lacking as it does a background of real scholarship and a unifying principle of judgment; as a personal document, revelatory of the state of mind of a segment of the modern world, it is a frank confession of inadequacy and despair.

F. X. C.

Horace Walpole's England. Edited by ALFRED BISHOP MASON. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Mason has reduced the long shelf-ful of Walpole's letters to the limits of a single volume; and thus has rendered a great service not only to those interested in eighteenth-century England, but to every student of human nature. Many things are omitted, but nothing that is typical of the man and his time. We have first the flippant and irresponsible young "modern": "What an abominable young creature! But why may I not be so?" As observation grows keener, the style becomes purer and more pointed. By fifty Walpole makes his discovery that "the world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. This is the quintessence of all I have learnt in fifty years." At no time did Walpole do any really hard thinking, and before he rid himself of his shallow subjectivism, he sank even to the level of our modern despair: "For my part, I take Europe to be worn out." But at last the big world of thought and things does begin to appear to him as objective and independent of his petty complainings and rebelliousness. On his death bed the last illusion of modernism and self-importance disappears. "You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me to reply, but in truth I seldom can have anything particular to say." In a word human nature was pretty much the same then as now. So with the world at large. "It is no dishonor to keep public gaming houses. . . . A couple of drunken constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against disorderly persons, and so took up every woman they met . . . I cannot bear modern poetry . . . The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress . . . Today many elections begin. The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a faint idea of the poverty of this undone country . . . This nonsensical new light is extremely in fashion . . . Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda . . . Sir George Colbroke, a citizen and martyr to what is called speculation, had his pictures sold by auction last week . . . It is droll to think that the City of Birmingham has demanded war [against America] because it makes swords and guns . . . My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in Great Russell Street by nine men . . . One is forced to travel even at noon as if one was going to battle . . . The Duke of Bolton—nobody knows why or wherefore, except that there is a good deal of madness in the blood—sat himself down upon the floor in his dressing room, and shot himself through the head . . . My lady Vane has literally published the Memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers . . . a Miss Jeffries and a Miss Blandy, the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father . . ." All of which makes it clear that the modern mind is, after all, merely an ancient mood, and that original sin has much more to do with men and manners than our recent War, and that there is more truth in a dusty theologian than in a dozen sociologists.

G. G. W.

Henry Irving. By GORDON CRAIG. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.00.

It is incredible that anyone should quarrel with Gordon Craig however violently he may disagree with his conclusions—his statements, say rather, for Mr. Craig does not conclude. He sets down as matters of orthodox faith, with almost ex-cathedra as-

surance, his gospel of great acting in which Sir Henry Irving occupies the place of deity. One may be forgiven a smile at such extravagant claims, but few will be inclined to quarrel, for his praise is so evidently the outpouring of genuine affection, his admiration so sincere, his eulogy so voluminous, his manner so courageously robust, that no generous heart can fail to respond to his humor even though it be but for one enthusiastic moment. He will allow no adverse comment on his idol. Do some claim that Irving's movements and gait are awkward, that, in fact, he cannot walk? Mr. Craig comes back with a ferocious thrust. Irving, he will have it, walks better than other men, that anyhow he should not walk but rather dance through his parts as he does in the great but almost forgotten tradition of the Greeks. Do some say that his speech was affected, that he said *Gud* instead of *God*, *stond* instead of *stand*, etc., etc.? Pahl! he is but bringing back to our effete generation the rich and sonorous tones of the days of Robin Hood. It may seem rather overdone as I state it, but not as stated by Mr. Craig. Read here his description of Irving's entrance in "The Bells" if you wish your skin to prickle and your hair to rise. With Mr. Craig it is but praise perfected as out of the mouth of babes. Sir Henry's place in dramatic art, however, is too well assured to be weakened by overpraise and, if there have been a few other great actors as Mr. Craig half-grudgingly admits, what then? The world has the tradition of Sir Henry's acting and now, to give it yet greater vitality, it has a splendid book.

R. B. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Historical Records.—There are three excellent historical contributions in the September, 1930, issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia*: "A Dominican Influence in the Discovery of America," by the Rev. Jordan M. Dillon, O.P.; "The Writings of Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore," by the Rev. Michael Moran; and "The Redemptorists in America, II" by the Rev. John F. Byrne, C.S.S.R. The papers on Columbus and Archbishop Kenrick, which were essays submitted by the writers for their degrees at the Catholic University of America, are specially interesting.

The adventurous and edifying story of "Miguel Augustin Pro, S.J., Martyr of Christ the King" (Montreal: Messenger Press.) as told by Antonio Dragon, S.J., is edited now in English by Lawrence Drummond. This is a biography that will have a strong appeal for American Catholics who admire, applaud, and strive to imitate heroic adventures for love of Christ.

"Pioneering in China" (Franciscan Herald Press.), by the Rev. Marion A. Habig, O.F.M., tells the story of the Rev. Francis Xavier Engrbring, O.F.M., the first native American priest in China (1897-1895) and gives interesting sketches of his missionary comrades. The volume is dedicated to Catholic American Missionaries in the Far East in commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the establishment of Catholic American Missions in China. The first volume to be issued from the newly organized Franciscan Press in Wuchang, China, is a record, in Latin, of the Franciscan Bishops and Friars who have labored in China from the year 1307 to 1928. The volume is well printed and generously illustrated.

Benedict Williamson introduces "Maria of Padua" (Herder. \$1.35), one of St. Thérèse's little legion, to American girls. Maria Filippetto was a courageous Italian schoolgirl who showed tremendous heroism under intense suffering and remarkable union with God in her daily life. This biography should have a special appeal to young girls in our Catholic schools who feel attracted to the "little way" of St. Thérèse and who sometimes need to recall the example of a Saint Agnes.

The only significance attaching to the reprinting announced of "This Believing World" (Macmillan. \$1.00), by Lewis Browne, which professes to give a simple account of the great religions of mankind, is the emphasis it places on the wide publicity given the volume. As originally reviewed in *AMERICA*, it was pointed out to be wholly atheistic in its spirit. In four years Mr. Browne's work has seen sixteen reprintings, due in great part to the praise it has had from reviewers of certain types for its religious, his-

torical, or dramatic content, though a genuinely critical reading makes it clearly evident that it is not only religiously unorthodox, but thoroughly unhistorical as judged by the standard norms of scientific historical criticism.

With the Poets.—The periodic resurgence of public interest in the poets was witnessed by the publication of several notable collections by modern authors. The "Collected Poems of Katharine Tynan" (Macmillan. \$4.00) reveal the charming poetess of the Irish Renaissance in her full plumage. The work of Miss Tynan contains the grit and substance of reality which most Celtic writers seem to have forsaken for the immateriality of twilight poesy. The collection is splendidly grouped under various moods, lending a compactness and neatness to the volume which contains so many perfectly patterned poems.

Padraic Colum has a slender sheaf of lyrics called "Old Pastures" (Macmillan. \$1.50). They compose the seasonal output of the Irish poet and excepting "Scanderbeg" and "At the Fore of the Year" they are not representative of Colum at his best. The charming primitiveness of "Wild Earth" seems to be missing and there is nothing in the book like his matchless "Cradle Song" and "The Stag." "Scanderbeg," however, will undoubtedly be considered among his best work. It has all the bleakness and sharp drama of fine poetry.

The "Selected Poems of Katharine Lee Bates" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50) are inauspiciously hatched under a reverential and highly amateurish introduction by the editor, Marion Belton Guild. It is hard for the present generation to appreciate the author of "America the Beautiful." The uncompromising New Englandness of her attitude, her constant dabbling in theology, her alternately pietistic and sentimental verse, her lack of a deep and penetrating faith that might have saved her from the sloughs of shallowness render the whole of her work unattractive save for those who can fill in the gaps with personal associations or from a similar background of experience.

Robert Hillyer is one of the most prolific of the new generation of poets. Since 1917 he has managed to publish eight volumes of lyrics. Moreover, most of it is creditable verse. "The Gates of the Compass" (Viking. \$2.00) is another effort along traditional lines, betraying nothing remarkable in the way of high art but nevertheless maintaining a pitch considerably above the ordinary. The introductory poem "Memory" is an extremely fine imaginative bit, not without a subtle poignancy suggestive of sensitive poetic instinct. The "Phi Beta Kappa Ode" is an innocuous piece of rhetoric that well might have been omitted.

"He Is Become My Song," by Elizabeth Anne Stewart Robertson (Macmillan. \$2.25), is advertised as the story of Christ in poetic form. At best it is conventional religious poetry, without any particular fervor or inspiration to recommend it to the readers of Crashaw and Thompson. It is elegantly printed, and contains an ingenious variety of metrical forms and dramatic contrivances; unfortunately it is emotionally flat, and in one aspect at least, artistically untrue.

"About English Poetry," (Oxford Univ. Press. \$1.00), by G. F. Bradby, is an excellent monograph on the nature and specific values of English poetry in general. A painstaking little précis of the difficult explanation of poetry to the beginner, Mr. Bradby succeeds admirably in grasping the silent objections of the uninitiate and in forcing the point that poetry is essentially rooted in the civilized race.

Percy Mackaye's "Kentucky Mountain Cycle" is the matter of an interesting study by Frank A. Doggett in his "Dipped in Sky" (Longmans, Green. \$1.00). Absolutely speaking Mackaye needs little interpretation, and Mr. Doggett's book is only of special value to philologists and students of folklore.

Among the recent anthologies are the recently revised edition of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" (Oxford Univ. Press) and "An Anthology of English Poetry, Dryden to Blake" (Holt. \$1.25), edited by Kathleen Campbell. The former adds a list of modern poems to a slight rearrangement of the original edition, while the latter collection, an addition to the Home University Library, is at least a usable reference book.

The Silver Key. Forest of the Hanged. The Inheritor. Cinderella's Daughter. Philippa.

The members of the Crime Club are entertained again by Edgar Wallace with a stirring recital of a yarn which tells of intrigues in high finance, struggles in the theatrical world, scientific inventions, clever burglary, successful blackmail, and, of course, a bit of romance. With all of these ingredients one is assured of an hour's interesting reading and absorbing amusement. "The Silver Key" (Crime Club. \$1.00) is done in the author's most careful manner. Members of the Crime Club, as you may remember, respect the wishes of Mastermind and try to add to the reader's enjoyment. So you must find out for yourself the solution to this many-sided problem. Surefoot Smith, of Scotland Yard, with the aid of the Silver Key will unlock many mysteries for you.

Liviu Rebreanu, we are told, is the foremost personage in the literary world of Rumania today. The title to this claim seems to be based on his capture of the prize of the Rumanian Academy of Letters bestowed on his novel "Jon." However, he has overcome that handicap by his recent appointment as Director-General at the Ministry of Education. But because he is still remembered as the Rumanian Prize novelist, his story of the War has been translated by A. V. Wise and called the "Forest of the Hanged" (Duffield. \$2.50). It is not a tale of fighting in the trenches or on the front lines, but of the struggles in the soul of a fighter in the Austro-Hungarian army. It is a rather somber tale, made heavy with the gloom of dark forests, the cheerlessness of leafless trees, and a crepe covering of black relieved only by small red spots.

"The Inheritor" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00), by E. E. Benson, is presented as a strange and fascinating story of Cambridge, Cornwall and a family curse. It is so strange a story that on first reading it impresses one as silly enough to shield some very profound interpretation. One finds it difficult to imagine that an author's fancy could possibly endure the strain of several hundred pages. All the oldest sons in the Gervase family inherited a ghoulish curse of some kind or another. Steven did not escape the family misfortune. Although he had the form of an Apollo, he was without a soul. The family curse had visited him not with horns or hoofs or hairy paws as it had turned other members of the family into monsters, but in this more cruel way which made him attractive to his fellow human beings and yet left him without normal human feelings or tender human emotions. The story is highly fantastic but hardly fascinating.

John Erskine again insists on prying into subsequent chapters of stories and records which he refuses to allow closed. He has searched about in the chapters of mythology and invented sequels and consequences. In "Cinderella's Daughter" (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50) he invades the realm of fable, legend, and fairy tales. He is curious to know if really "they lived happy ever after." From Cinderella's daughter he inquires about the family's domestic happiness; he learns that Lady Godiva was much disconcerted when she discovered that the people had not been sufficiently interested even to know what she had done; he seeks out Jack of Beanstalk fame, the Patient Griselda, the Sleeping Beauty and other interesting characters. The journalist is busy with his follow-up and the reader is entertained with his scoops and with the illustrations by Graham Erskine. However, as a Father Confessor, the author has very much to learn.

"Philippa" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50), by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, tells a deadly story of divorce and passion. A husband, utterly selfish, callously deserts wife and children, making provision for their essential livelihood much after the fashion of an irritated contributor who bestows a stipend upon a hospital for cats. Living for a time with his paramour he disgusts even her and finally shatters her fatuous life by thrusting his own young daughter, Philippa, into their irregular household. By degrees this child so dominates his every thought and action that in despair even his paramour is driven unwillingly to abandon him. From beginning to end this tale is nauseating. The stark and shameless facts it discloses are unfortunately only too faithfully true to reality. Reading this book might deter those on the brink of divorce from taking the fatal step; at least it would make them pause and reflect upon the serious injury to their children.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

For an Institute of Catholic History

To the Editor of AMERICA:

During the past few years AMERICA has kept up a gallant and persistent fight in suggesting a foundation for an Institute of History. . . .

We naturally think of the Institute as a building and, of course, the building is necessary to house the books which are to be collected and to shelter the professors and students who will work in Catholic history in future days. We all seem to be waiting for some millionaire to come along and put up the building and make an endowment. Then everything would be in order for the historians to start to work! Millionaires sometimes have a leaning towards orphans and sick people and chemistry. They do not seem to take to history—perhaps because no one can make money by writing history and millionaires have made theirs by being interested in pork or steel or other "vulgar" objects.

Could not "Institute" mean a society or association of Catholics interested in history, in a slightly different manner from the ordinary historical society or association as we know them in this country? Suppose there are 1,000 Catholics in the United States who will pay into the hands of AMERICA's editors annually the sum of \$10, as annual dues. We should at least have a fund to subsidize one or two workers in the field, who could give all their time to research and to organizing and collecting for the Institute. In time, the building itself might follow. At least we should have started. If my slight knowledge of Catholic history is correct, all the great institutions of the Catholic Church had small beginnings and very few big things have been started by millionaires.

I am a poor Catholic who would delight in paying \$10 a year towards such an Institute. I feel sure there are many others, perhaps thousands, who would join, if the matter were properly presented. Would it not be practical to suggest that they send in their names and addresses, as token of willingness to pay if and when such an enterprise were launched?

Washington, D. C.

FRANCES LOUISE TREW.

"This Racktending Business"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

C. V. F. has, as they say, hit the nail quite squarely on the head with his letter in the issue of AMERICA for December 6. Cooperation on the part of the laity is absolutely essential to the success of a church rack—first, in its care; and secondly, in its distribution.

The Paulist Fathers, who are probably the largest publishers of pamphlet literature in the United States, recognized long since the need of volunteers to care for racks. Few priests have the leisure to devote to this work. Under the auspices of the Paulist League, therefore, a very definite move was made a few years ago to interest intelligent lay people—men and women—in offering their services in their own and neighboring parishes. Considerable interest was aroused, and many thriving racks owe their success to the indefatigable zeal of those generous souls who responded to this call.

But the surface was barely scratched. In Greater New York alone there are dozens of racks—derelicts—half full of soiled, dog-eared, doleful-looking pamphlets. Who hasn't seen some of these racks? Most of them might become at least self-supporting—mediums for incalculable good—if there were volunteers to care for them.

May one hope that C. V. F. will offer to look after one if he (or she) is not already a Racktender? And who knows—ere long our numbers may grow sufficiently to warrant an organization similar to that of the "Boxtenders" of England.

New York.

A RACKTENDER FAN.

On Solemnizing the Canonization of the American Martyrs To the Editor of AMERICA:

After the Beatification, or Canonization, of a Servant, or Servants of God, it is customary to solemnize the event by devoting one or more days to special services in their honor.

When the Martyrs were beatified in 1925, nearly every Archbishop and Bishop in the United States petitioned the Holy See individually for permission to solemnize the beatification and to celebrate the Feast in their respective dioceses. The permission was readily granted and the Feast was made general in the United States, by Rescript of the Congregation of Rites, dated October 26, 1927. The date of the Feast is now September 26.

Shortly before the Canonization, to spare our Hierarchy, as well as the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the trouble of individual petitions, the Postulator of the Cause of the Martyrs, the Rev. Charles Miccinelli, suggested that if one Archbishop would request permission to solemnize the event, on behalf of all the Archbishops and Bishops who might desire it, the Holy Father would be pleased to grant it. Accordingly, His Eminence Cardinal Hayes kindly agreed, and on June 29, the day of the Canonization, the petition was granted by a Rescript of the Sacred Congregation. The petition and Rescript are as follows:

Most Holy Father,

Patrick Joseph Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, begs of Your Holiness the favor of being authorized to celebrate in the churches and public oratories of their respective dioceses where the feast of the Blessed Martyrs of America and Canada, John Brébeuf and Companions, are and will still be celebrated, a solemn triduum in honor of these same new Martyr Saints within a year from their Canonization.

NEW YORK AND THE OTHER DIOCESES OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites, in virtue of faculties specially granted to it by our Most Holy Lord Pius XI, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances in this instance, after hearing favorably the pleas urged by Very Reverend Father Charles Miccinelli of the Society of Jesus, and Postulator of this Cause, has readily granted the Indult requested to hold for three days, to be designated by the local Ordinary, celebrations in honor of the Holy Martyrs, John de Brébeuf and Companions, in the churches or public oratories of their respective dioceses in the United States of North America with the privilege of the indulgence, plenary and partial, to be gained in the usual form of the Church, keeping however the Instruction of the Congregation of Rites appended to this Rescript: notwithstanding anything to the contrary whatsoever.

C. CARD. LAURENTI,
S.R.C. Praefectus.

ALPHONSUS CARINI,
S.R.C. Secretarius.

June 29, 1930.

Instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the Privileges which are usually granted by the Sovereign Pontiff through a Rescript of the same Sacred Congregation, for the solemn celebration of three or eight days within a year after a Beatification or Canonization.

I. In the solemnities, whether of three or of eight days which are permitted to be held in honor of any Saint or Blessed, all the Masses should be said, owing to the peculiarity of the celebration, with Gloria and Credo and with the Gospel of St. John at the end, unless the rubrics call for another Gospel.

II. The solemn or sung Mass should be said with one Prayer only, if another Mass be celebrated of the Office of the day; otherwise only commemorations for Doubles of the second class should be made and all others which are allowed in Doubles of the first class. Low Masses, however, should be said with all the occurring commemorations, excluding the prayers which in Masses *de tempore* are appointed for the second and third place and the Collects. For the Preface follow the rubrics of the Missal and the Decrees.

III. Only Doubles of the first class, Sundays of the same class, and privileged Ferias, Vigils and Octaves which exclude the aforesaid Doubles, prevent the High Mass. Doubles of the second class, Sundays of the same class, and Ferias, Vigils and Octaves which exclude such Doubles of the first and second class, also prevent low Masses. In these cases of impediment, the Masses to be said are of the current Feast

or Sunday, or other days privileged as above, as the rite of the day requires, with commemoration of the Saint or Blessed, under one conclusion only, with the first Prayer. The commemoration, however, should be omitted on a primary Double of the first class of Our Lord for the Universal Church, except on the second and third Ferias after Easter and Pentecost, when it is permitted.

IV. In churches where Conventual Mass should be celebrated, such Mass is never to be omitted.

V. If Pontifical Mass of the Saint or Blessed be said *ad thronum*, Terce is not to be sung as the Bishop vests, but None; and this hour is always of the Saint or Blessed. It cannot, however, be substituted as satisfying the obligation of the Office this None hour of the day.

VI. Although all the Masses, even those in private only, may be impeded, it is always, however, permitted to celebrate solemnly second Vespers of the Saint or Blessed without any commemoration, but these Vespers of the new Saint or Blessed cannot serve to satisfy for the duty of reading the Divine Office.

VII. Other ecclesiastical functions besides the above may always be held with the consent of the Ordinary, as, for instance, sermons during the solemn Mass, panegyrics in the evening, prayers in honor of the Saint or Blessed; and especially solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the last day of the triduum or octave, the hymn *Te Deum* with the versicles *Benedicamus Patrem . . . Benedictus est . . . Domine, exaudi . . . Dominus vobiscum . . .* and the Prayer, *Deus, cuius misericordiae . . .* with its own conclusion should never be omitted before the *Tantum ergo . . .* and the prayer of the Most Holy Sacrament. To those who with contrite heart during the time in question shall visit the church or public oratory and pray there as above, he grants a partial indulgence of one hundred days, obtainable once each day, applicable also to the souls in purgatory. May 22, 1912.

I believe that this information will be of interest and service to the readers of AMERICA.

Auriclesville, N. Y.

P. F. CUSICK, S.J.

Pronouncing Latin

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The dispute between *Virgil* and *Vergil* mentioned in your issue of December 20, goes back as well as I can remember, to the early seventies. *Vergil* got the better of the conflict, and if you wrote *Virgil* you were quite out of court.

It was about the same time, or perhaps a little earlier, that we changed our pronunciation of Latin. Not calling the first letter of *virtus* like a *tv* was as bad as using the first *i* in the poet's name. The English method which our fathers and grandfathers learnt was ruled out. The English way was certainly very far from the Latin way. But who knows with any degree of sureness what the Latin way was? Who knows how *Virgil* read his lines? Our scholars seemed to think they did know. An A. B. was taught to say *skeery fahkias*, even though as a LL.B. he would drop into *syree faysias*.

We have kept it up in all our American schools, except of course in Catholic schools where it never was. It seems questionable whether the change we made should be continued. Does not the English way, or at least the English way with some difference as to vowels, really fit us better? Of course if we were certain that the orator called himself *Kikero*, that would settle it. We argued that the Greek use of *K* in the name was conclusive proof, but it may not be so conclusive as we thought. He may have been called *Tzitzero* for all we know. In the uncertainty why should we stickle for *Kikero*?

Charlottesville, Va.

J. H. DILLARD.

Fumigating the Colleges

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read the issue of AMERICA for December 27. I think the editorial, "College Misfits," a little hard on the poor fellows and girls who these days bear the burden of college courses. Whatever else these multitudinous victims of academic mass-production acquire, we must, if we accept the assurance of the omnipresent cigarette advertisement, admit that most of them by heroic effort graduate at least *Summo cum Fumo*.

Chelsea, Mass.

(REV.) MICHAEL J. SCANLAN.